TURNER'S BANJO JOURNAL

No. 14

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with 2nd Banjo Accompt.

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SOLOS.

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The whole compiled and Arranged by

HERBERT J. ELLIS.

PRICE [illegible]PENCE.

REVISED PRICE 20 N.P. JOHN ALVEY TURNER

JOHN A[illegible] TURNER

33, BISHOPSGATE STREE[illegible], E.C.; & 39, OXFORD STREET, W.

List No. 6.

Thematic List of Banjo Solos.

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN ALVEY TURNER.

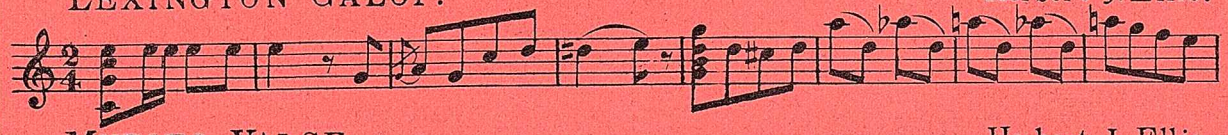
33, Bishopsgate Street, Within E.C. & 39, Oxford Street. W.

TILLEY'S "BARN DANCE". Arthur Tilley.

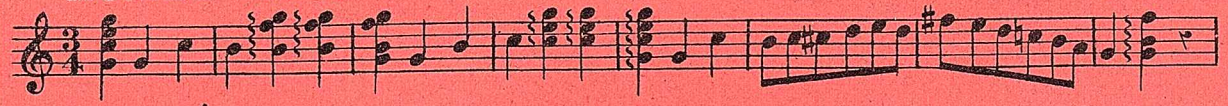
AUTUMN LEAVES GAVOTTE. Herbert J. Ellis.

IVOR SCHOTTISCHE. A. Vowles Reeves.

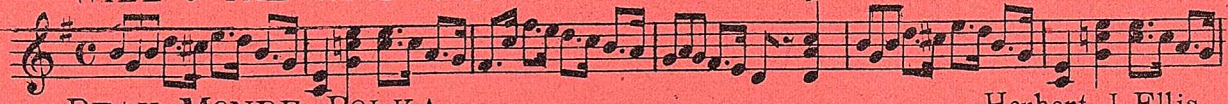
LEXINGTON GALOP. Herbert J. Ellis.



MURIEL VALSE Herbert J. Ellis.



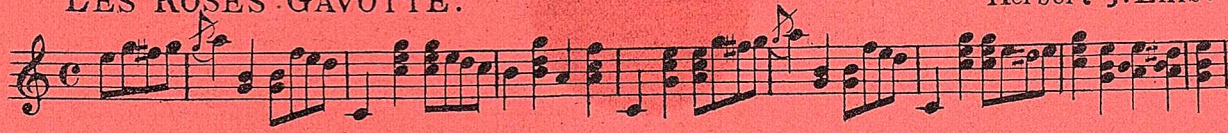
WILL O' THE WISP SCHOTTISCHE. J. Mountfort.



BEAU MONDE POLKA. Herbert J. Ellis.

SKIRT DANCE. Arthur Tilley.

LES ROSES GAVOTTE. Herbert J. Ellis.



Each is full music size and has Accompaniments for 2nd Banjo or Pianoforte.

PRICE 2/- EACH NET.

TURNER'S BANJO JOURNAL.

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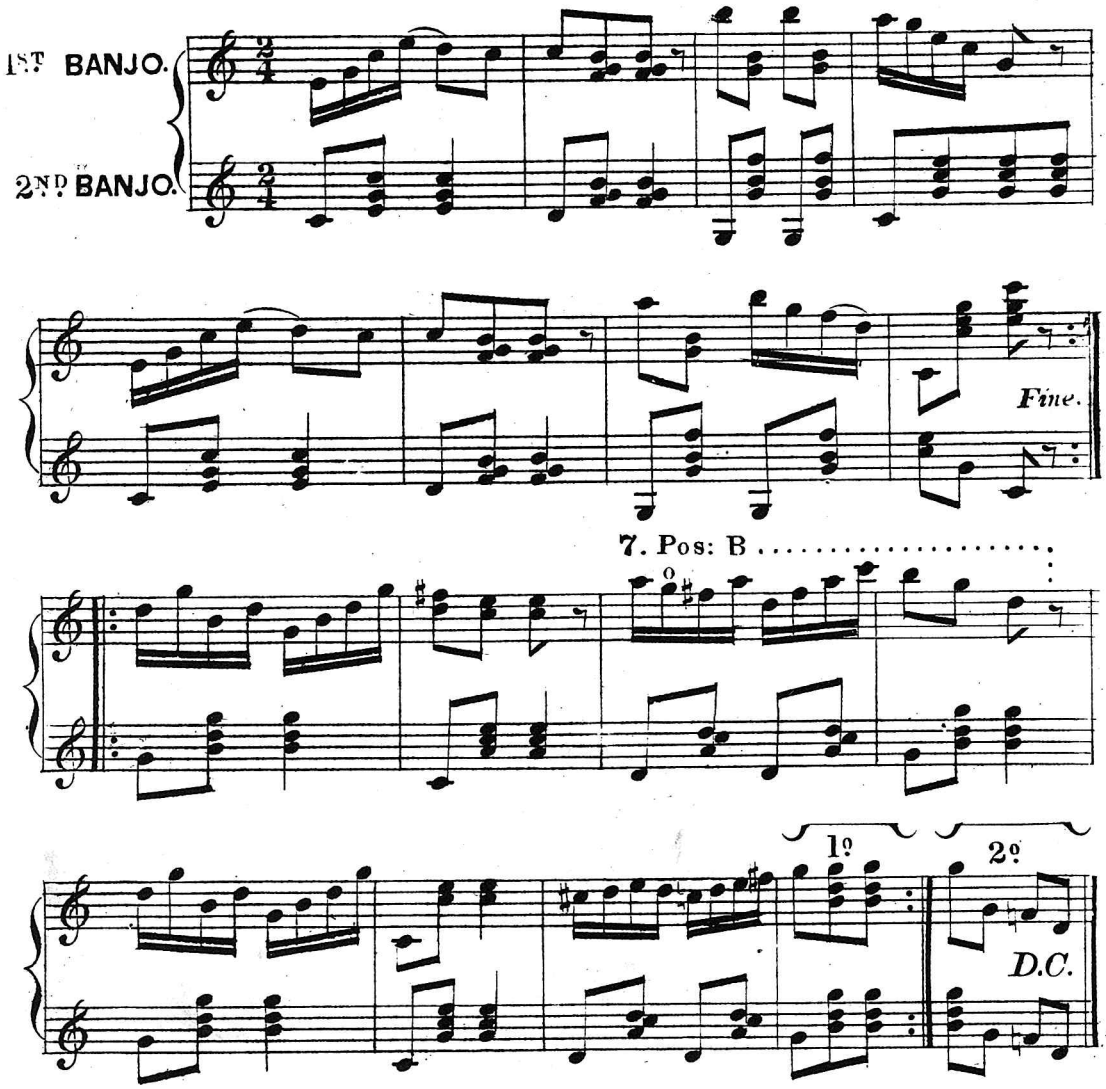
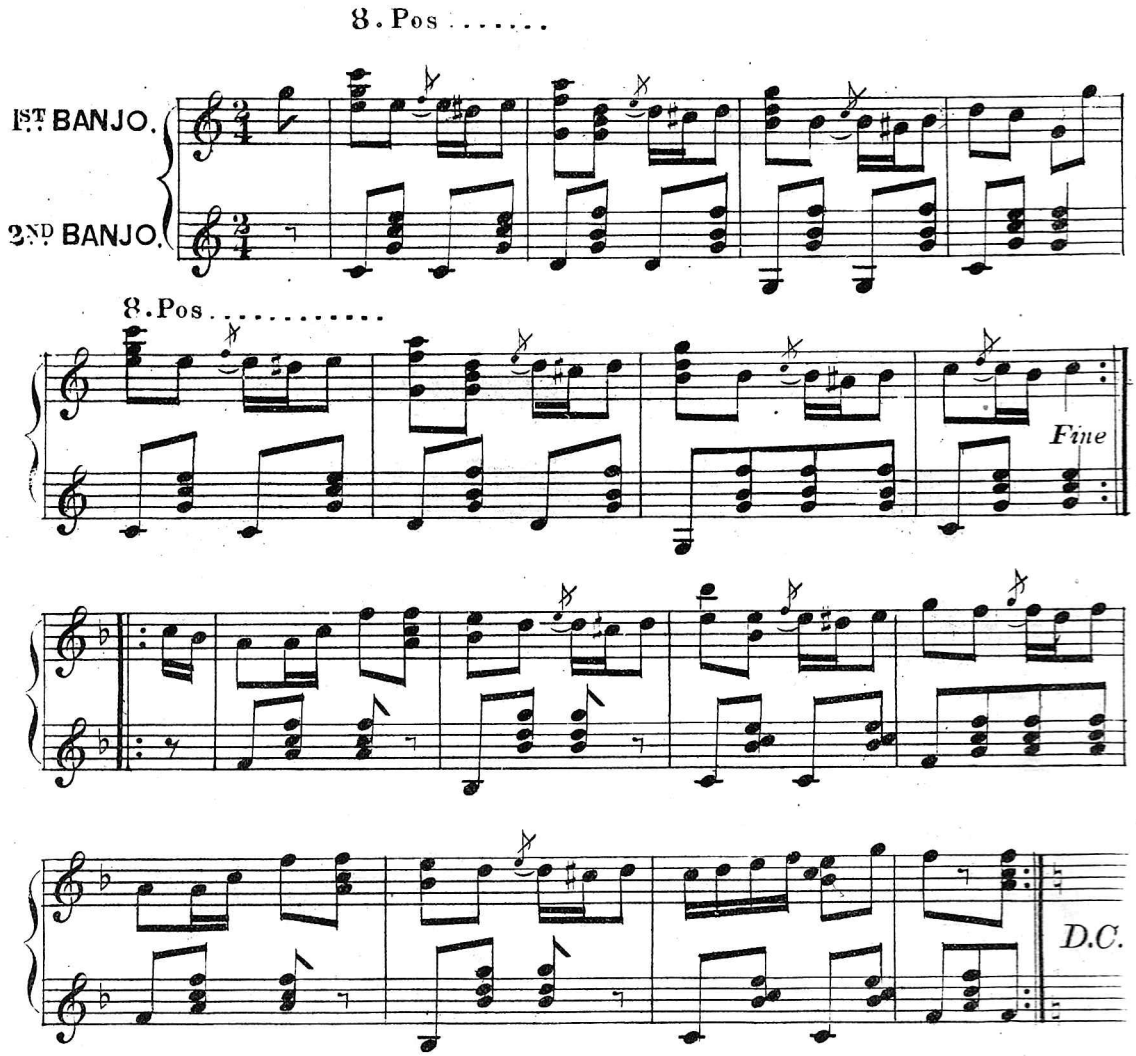
DUETS FOR TWO BANJOS.

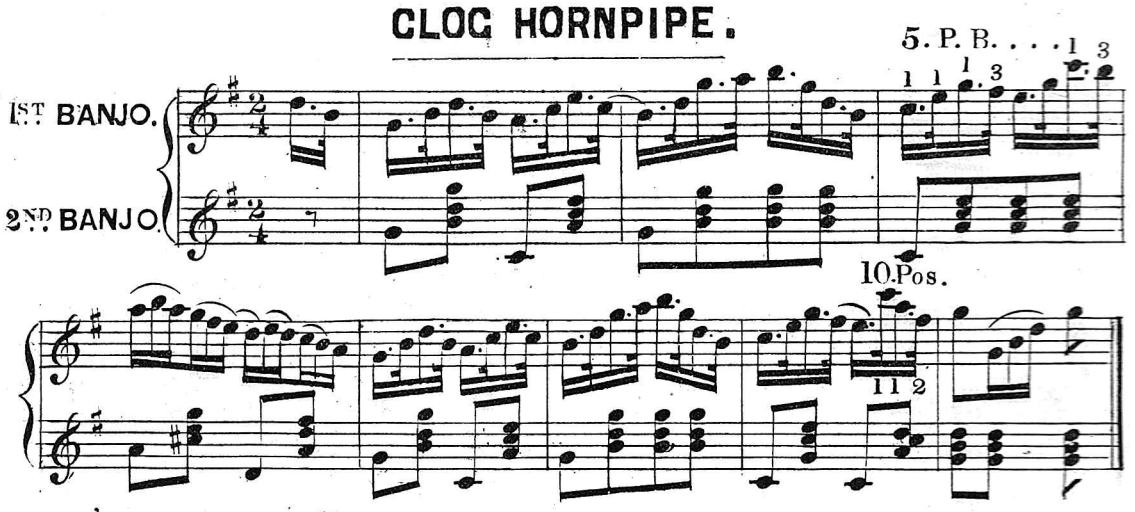
ROSY MORN SCHOTTISCHE.

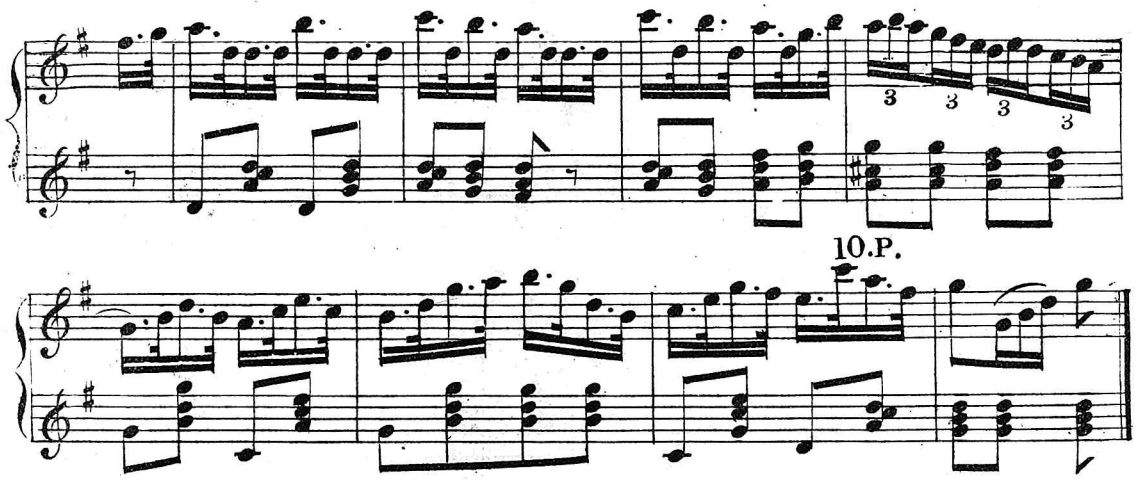


MARCIA SCHOTTISCHE.



CLOG HORNPIPE.





SILVAN HORNPIPE.

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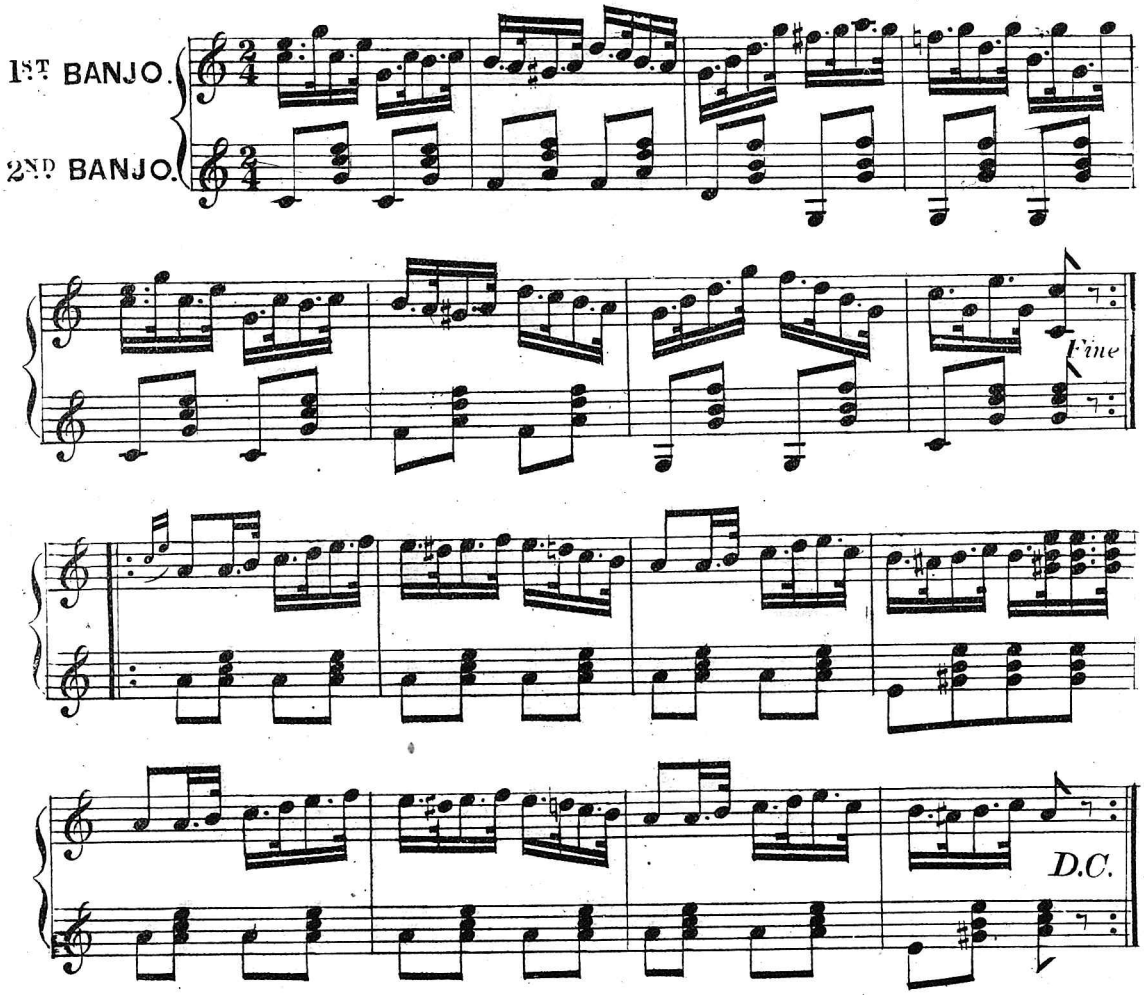
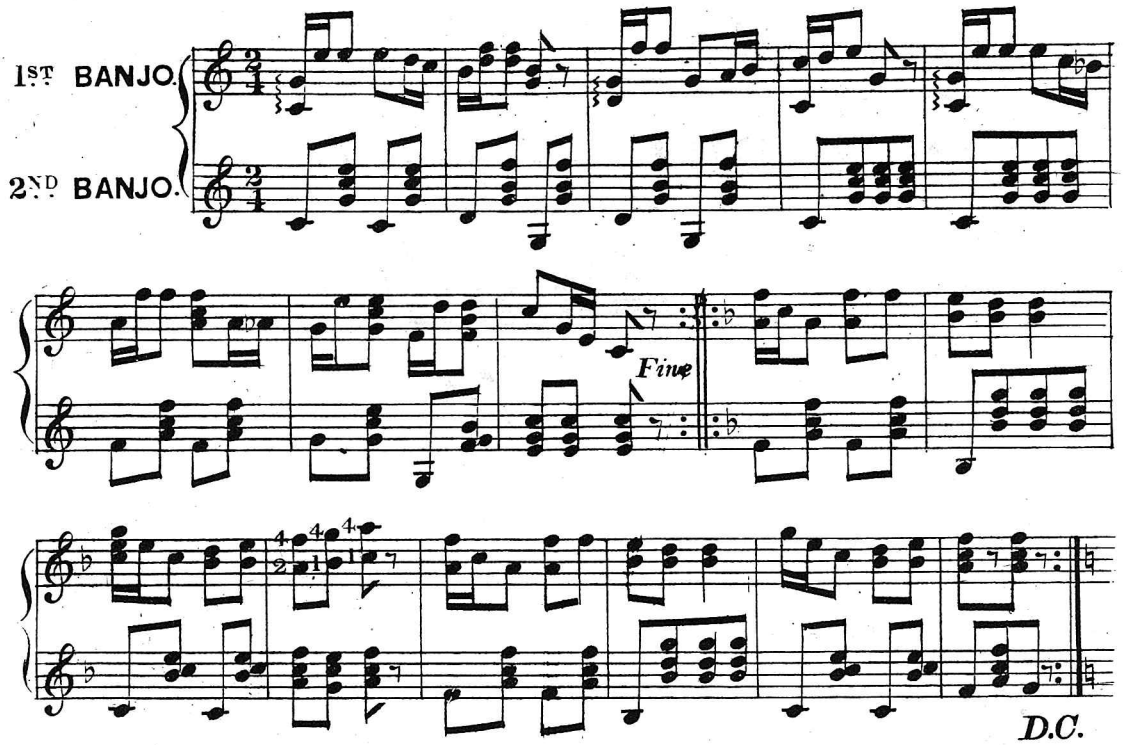
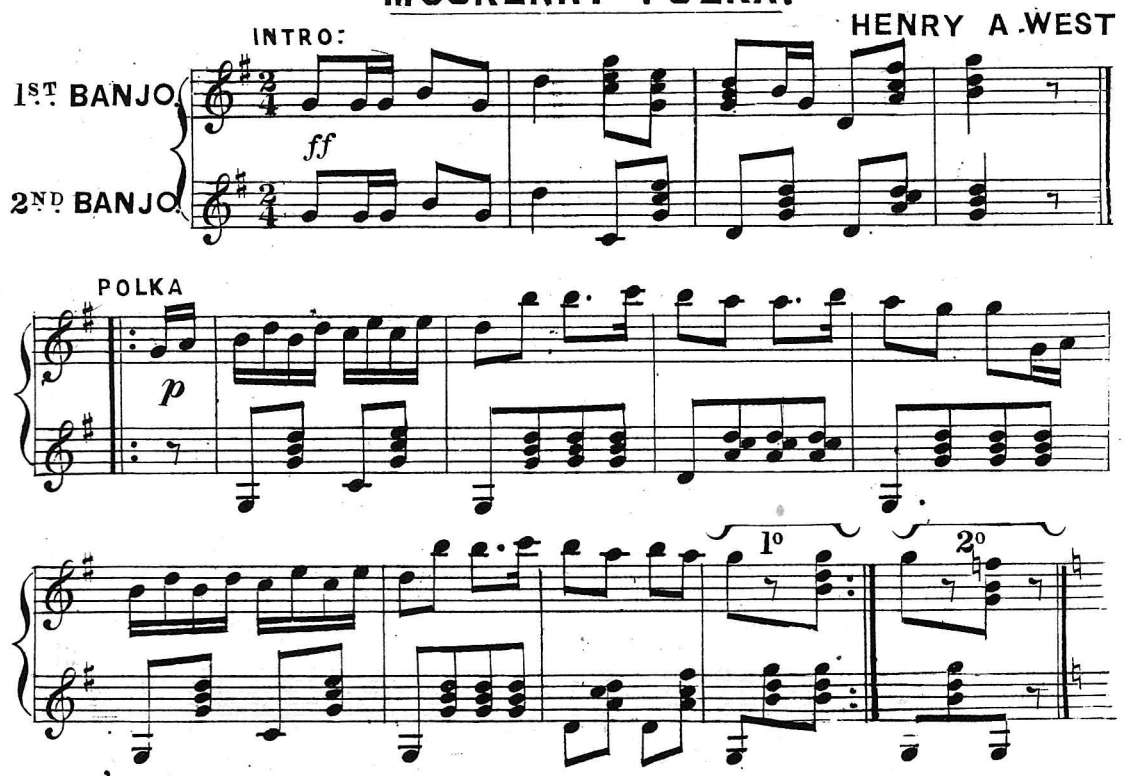
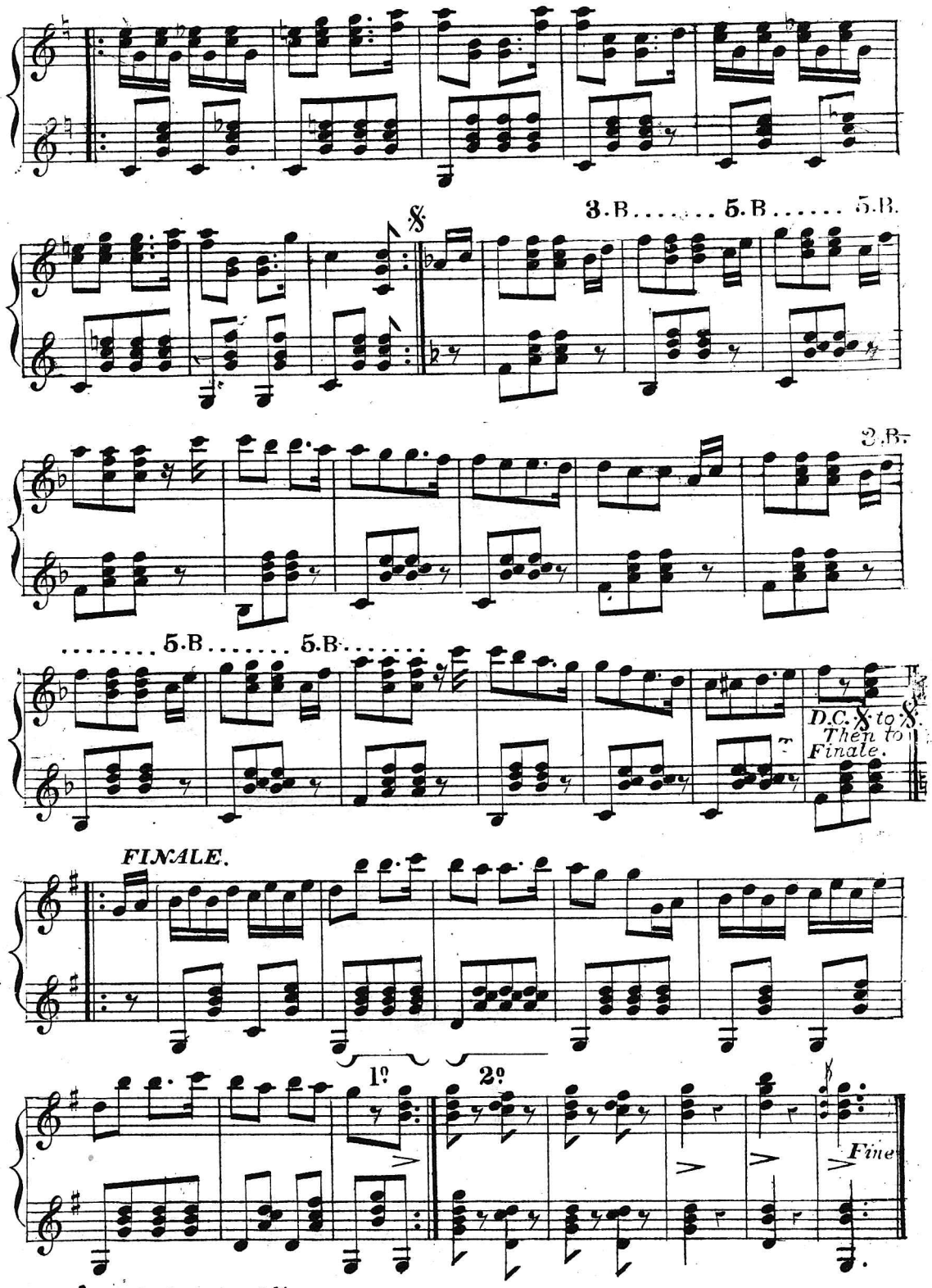


HETTIE POLKA.



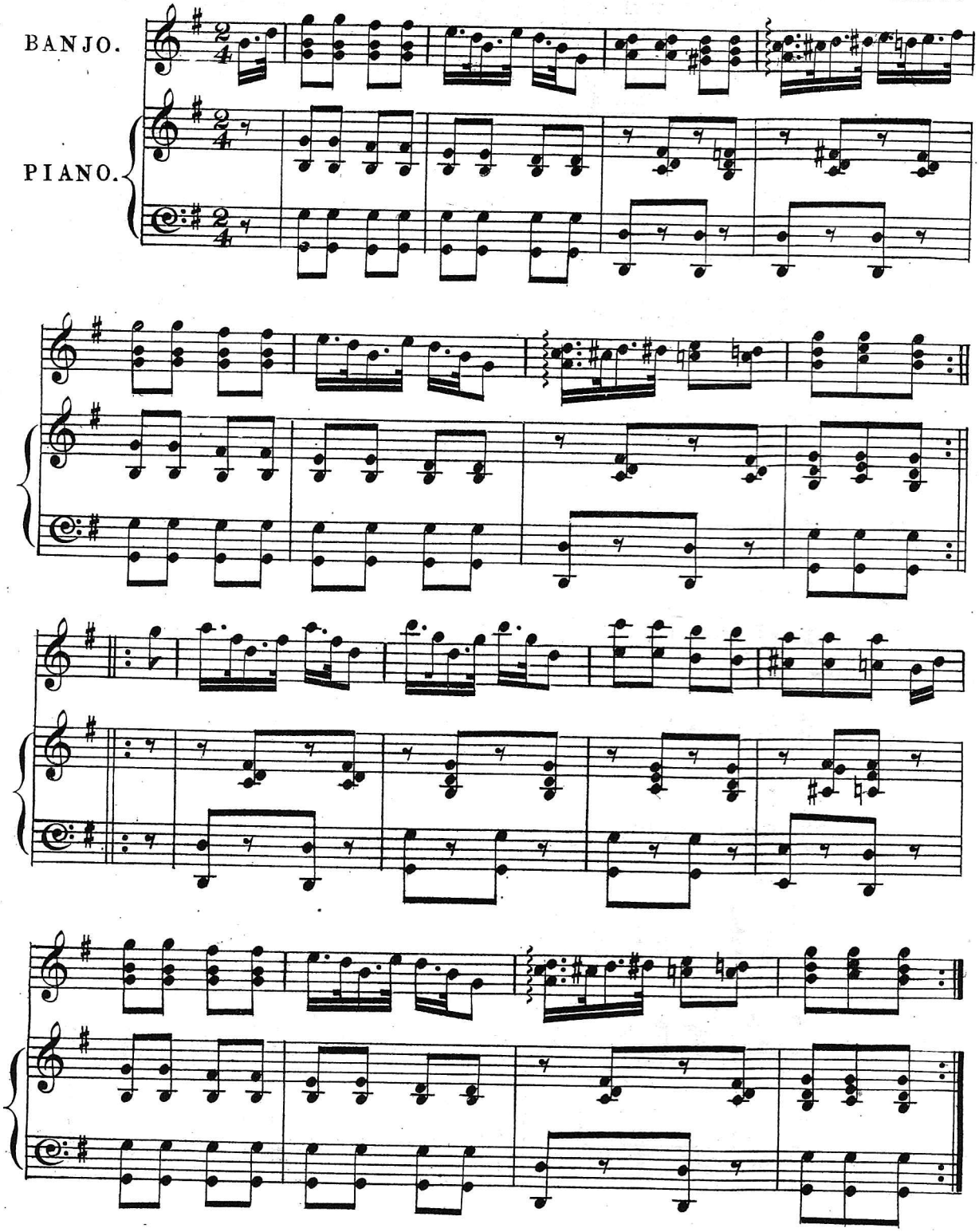
MUSKERRY POLKA.




3.B. ..... 5.B. ..... 5.B.
3.B.
..... 5.B. ..... 5.B. .....
D.C. 𝄋 to 𝄋. Then to Finale.
FINALE.
1º
2º
Fine

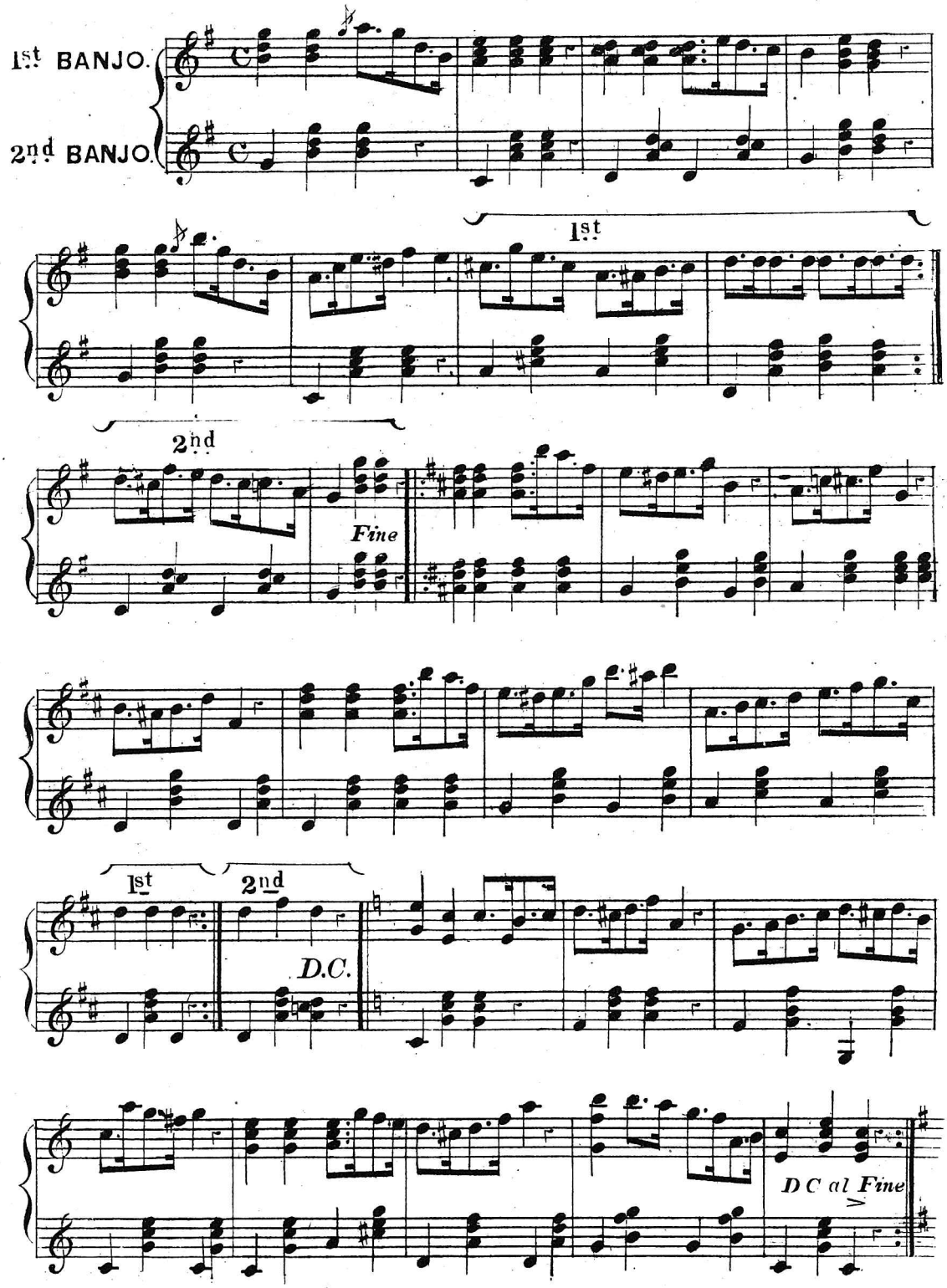
SUN-SET POLKA.

Herbert J. Ellis.



CORUNNA SCHOTTISCHE.

R. J. COLLETT.



PEARL VALSE.

BY HERBERT J. ELLIS.

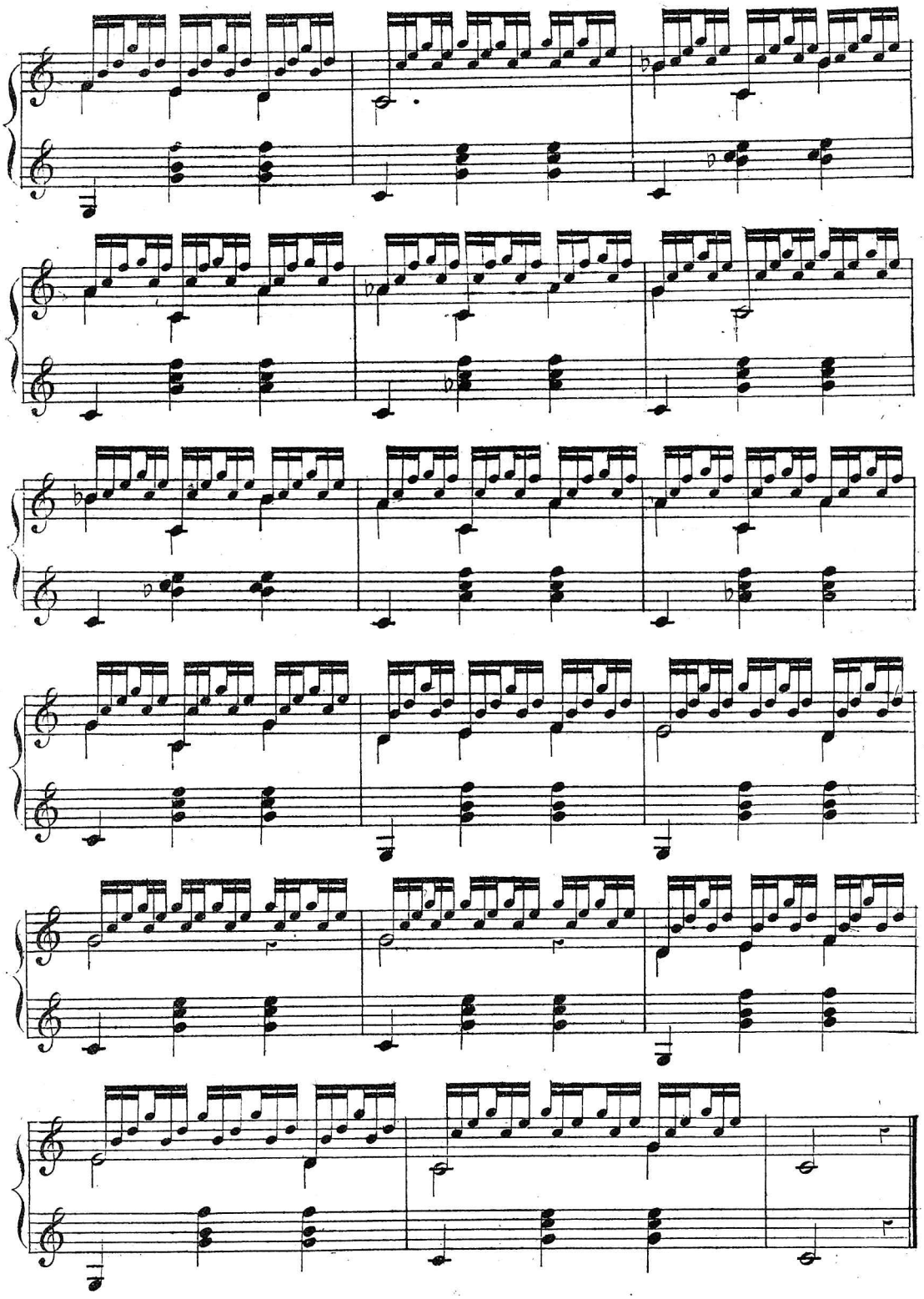
Tempo di Valse.

1st BANJO.

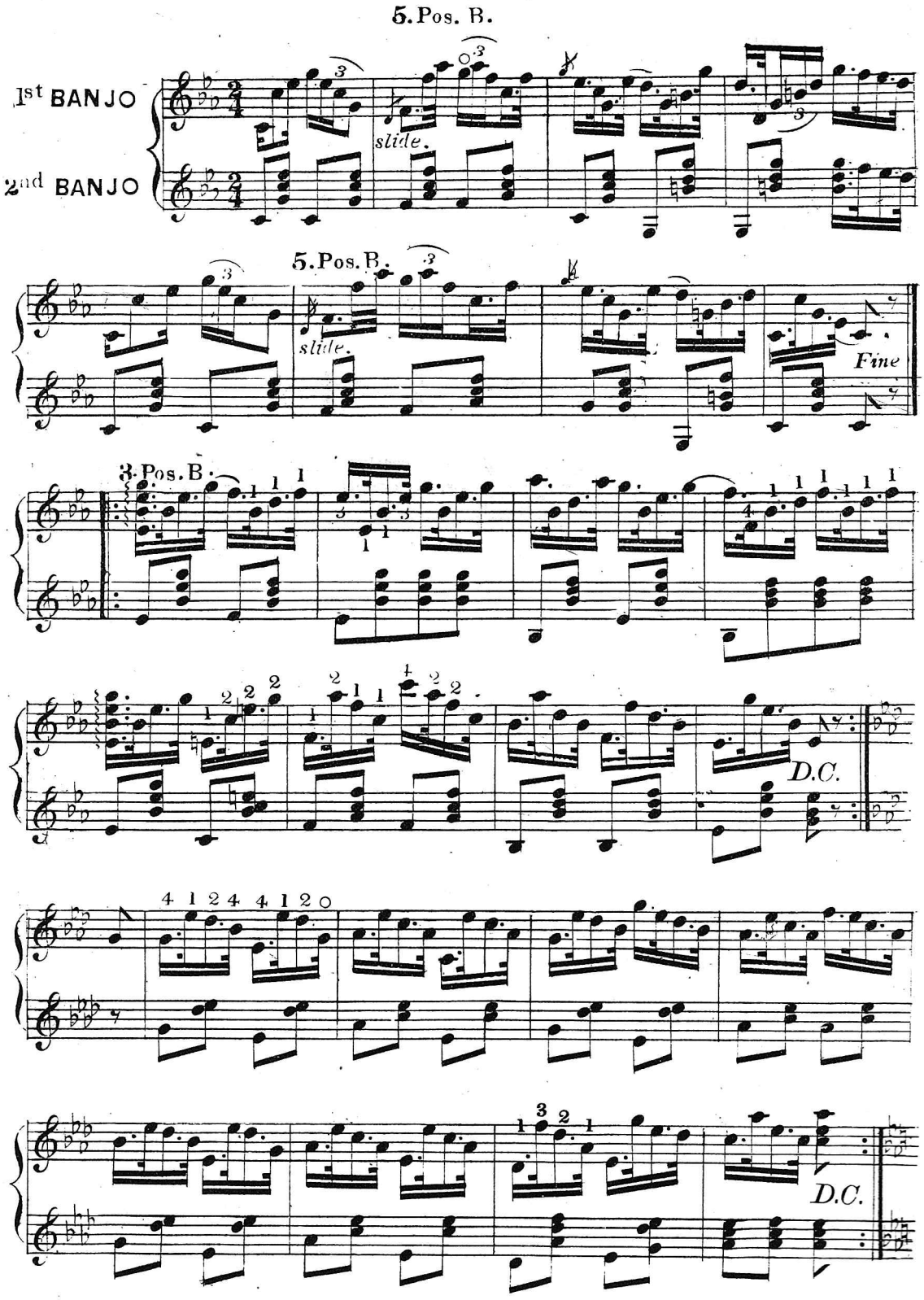
2nd BANJO.

Barrè.

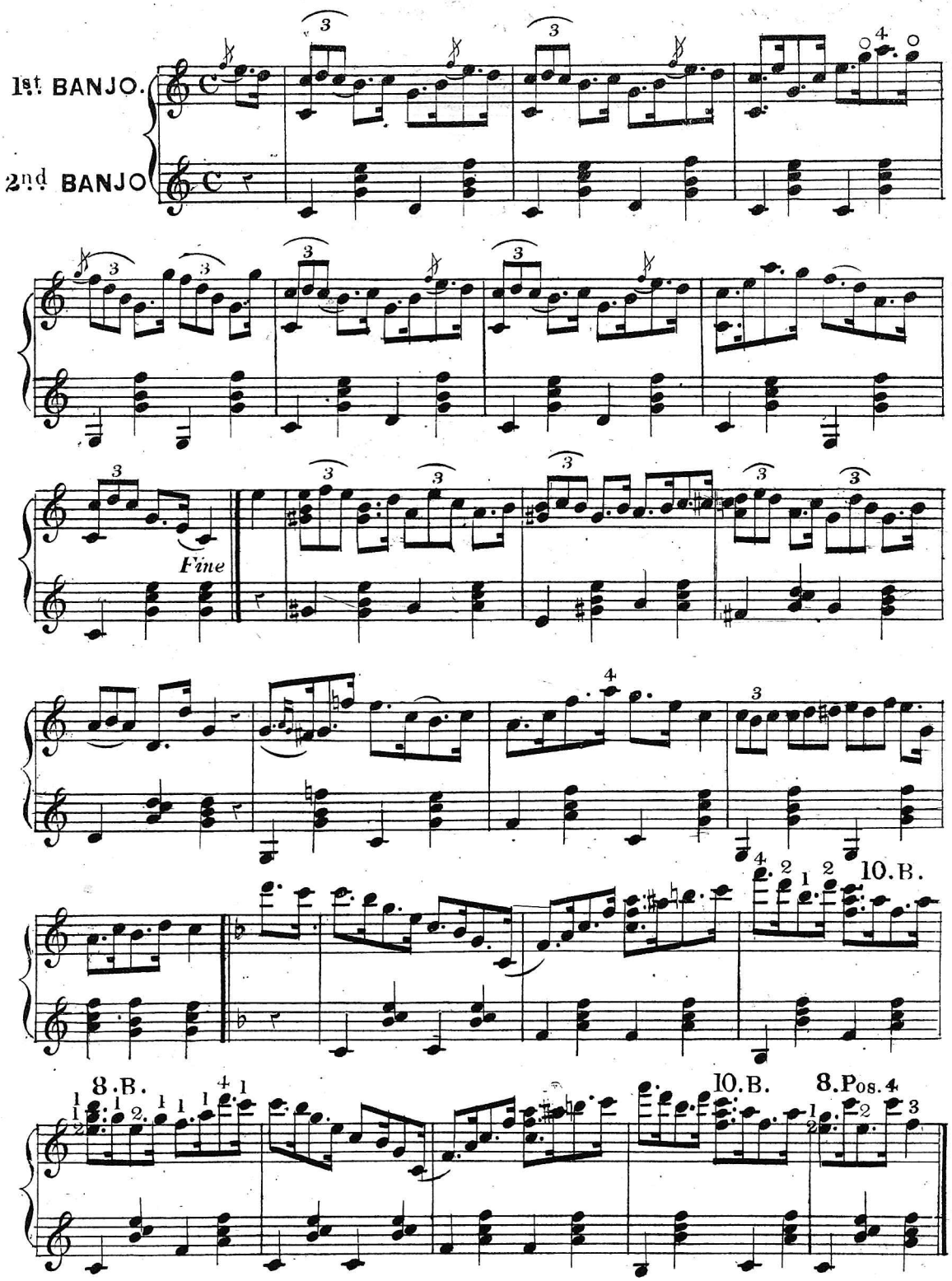
2 Pos: Barrè.

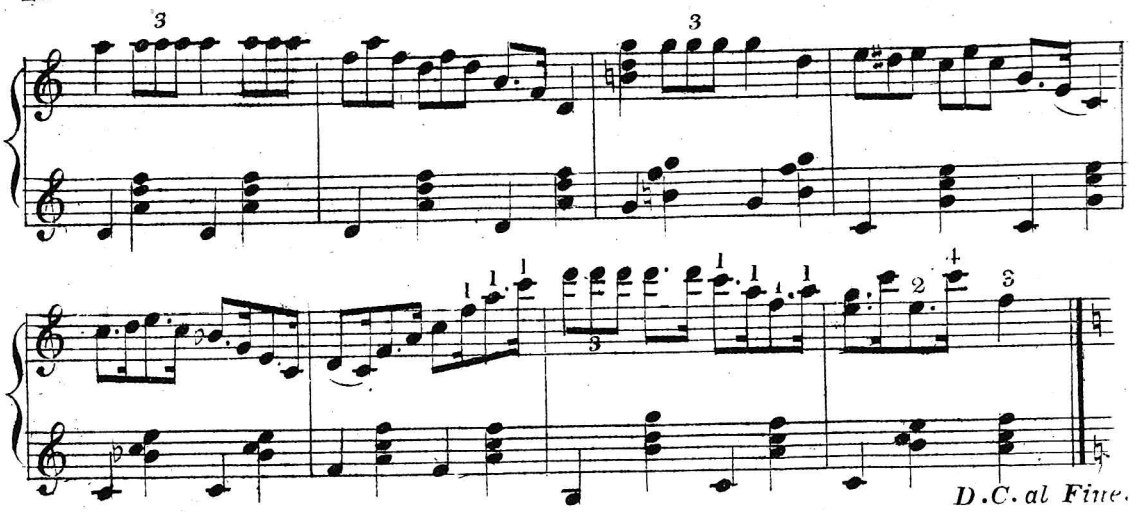


HORACE WESTON'S JIG



STEVE ROGERS CLOG DANCE.





— DUETS FOR BANJO AND PIANO. —

FLORIDA MARCH.

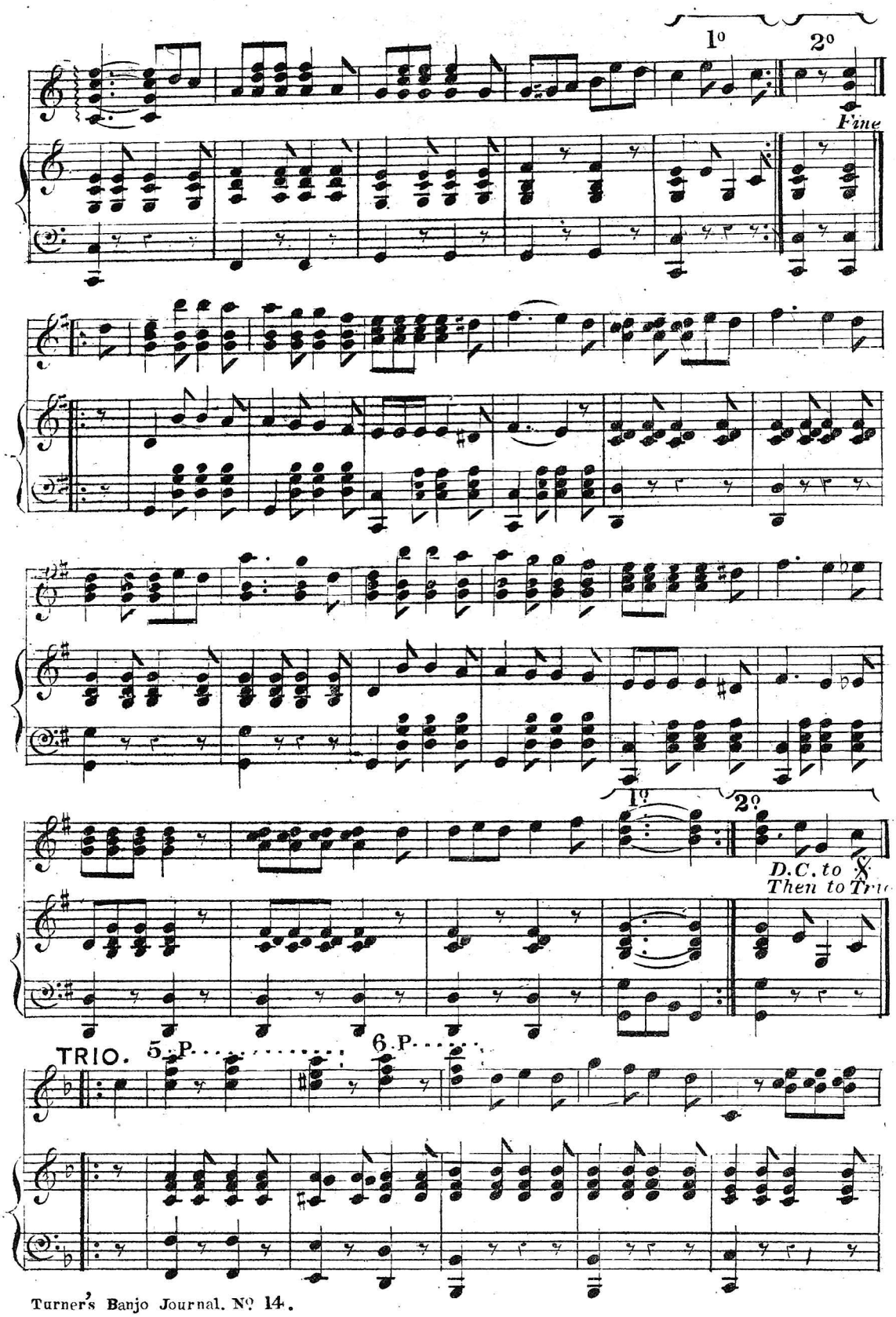
BY HERBERT J. ELLIS.

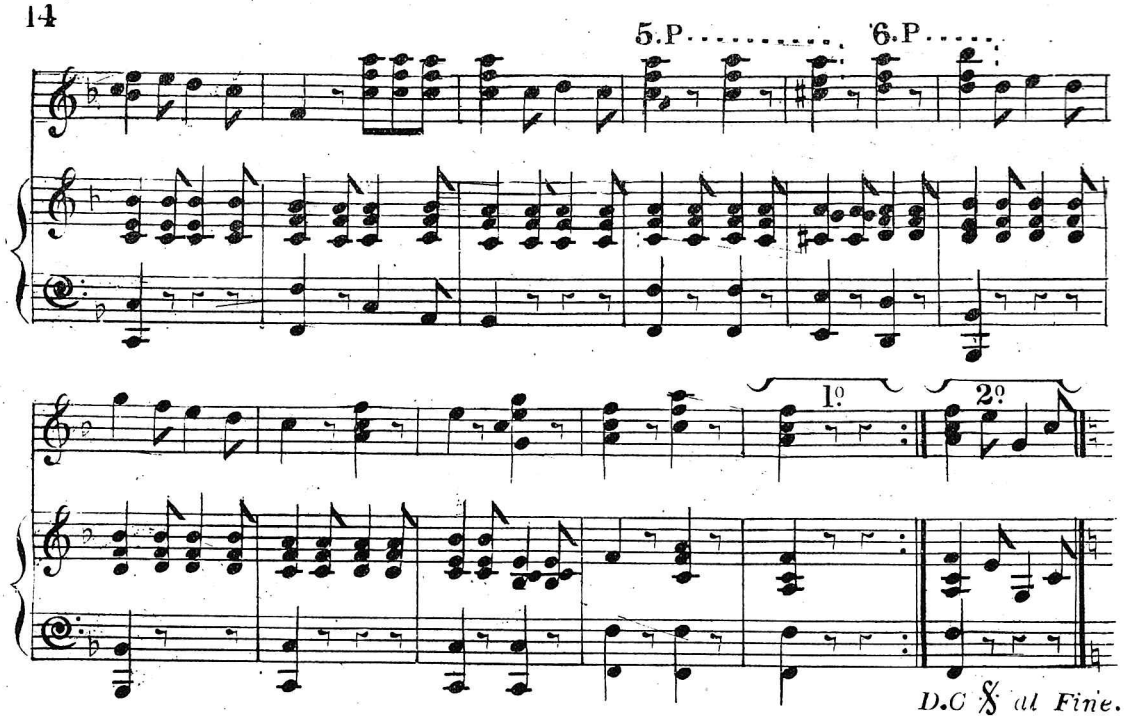
INTRO:

March.

BANJO.

PIANO.

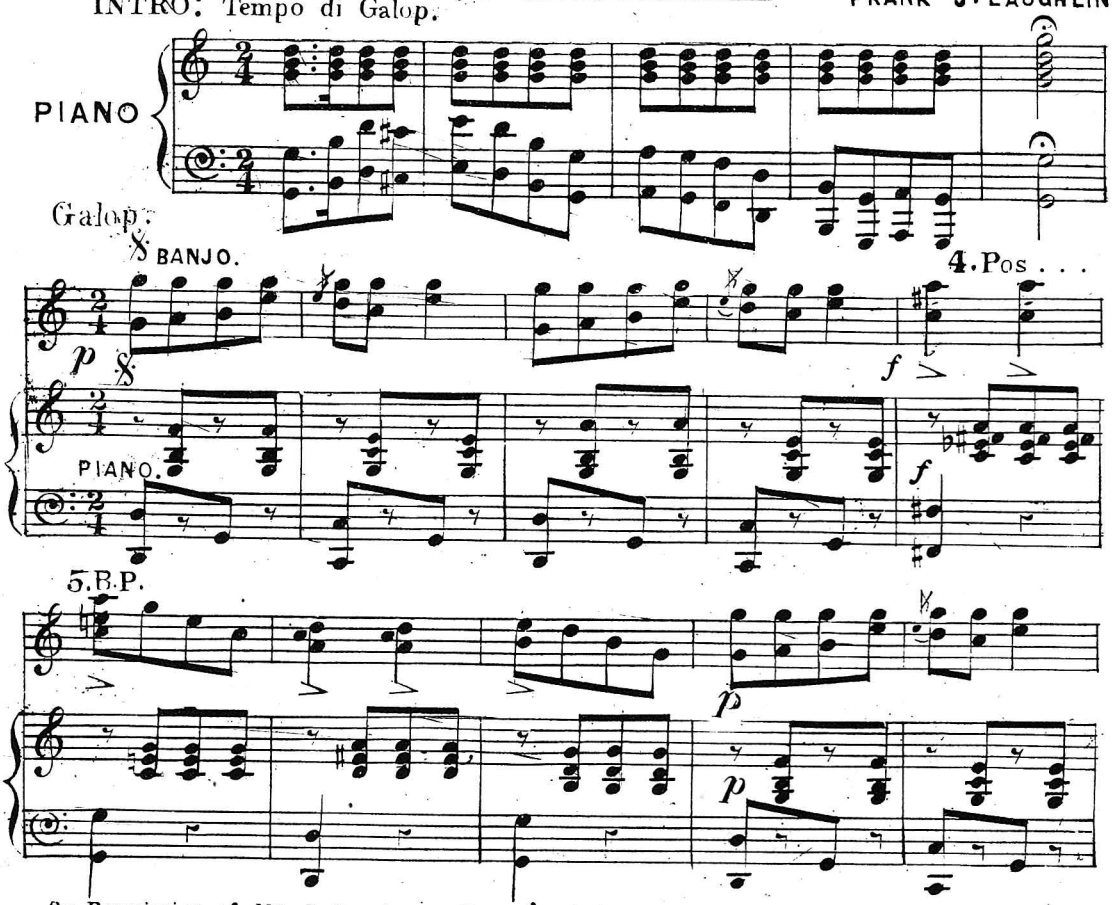

1º
2º
Fine
1º
2º
D.C. to X
Then to Tri
TRIO.
5. P.
6. P.

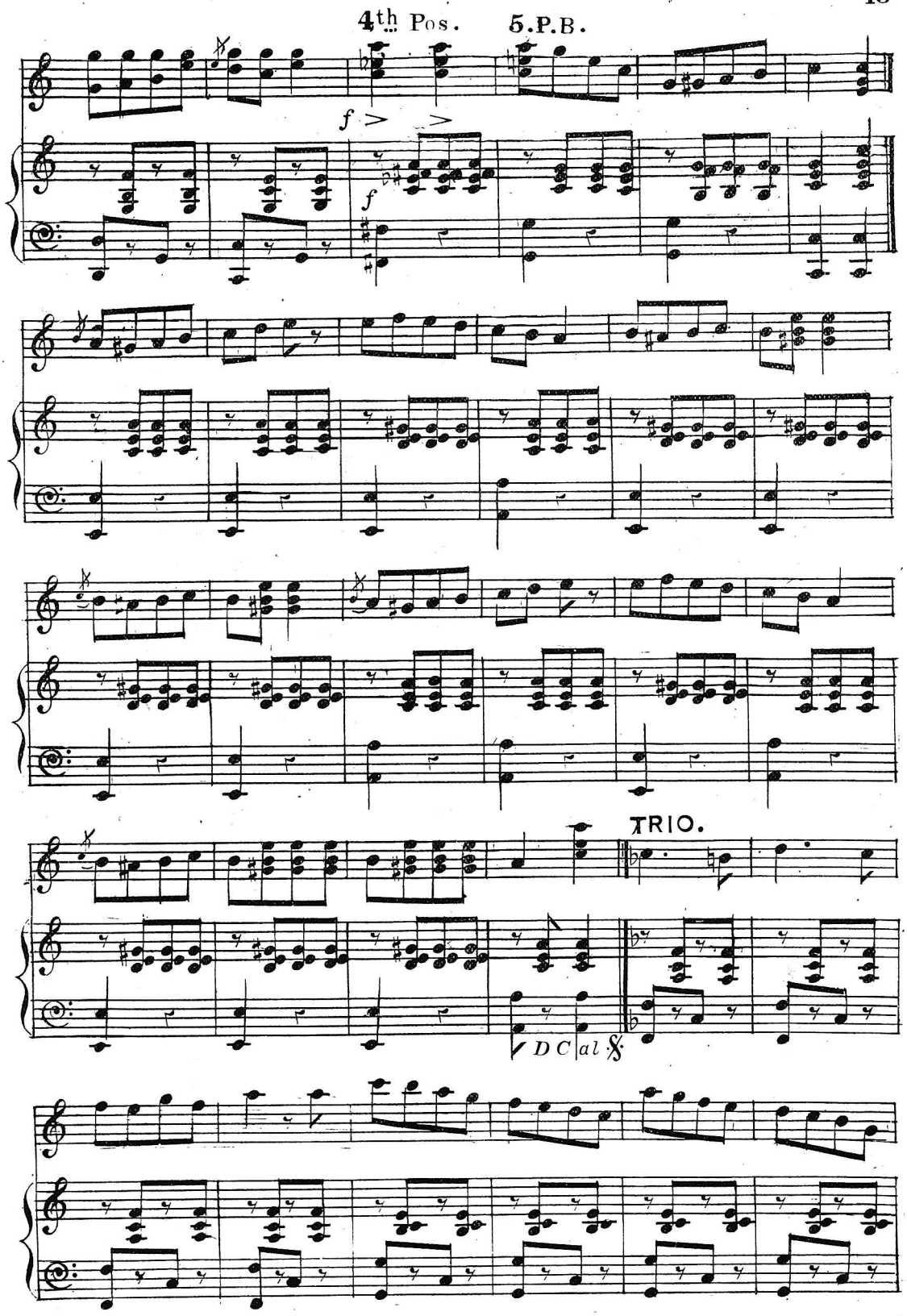


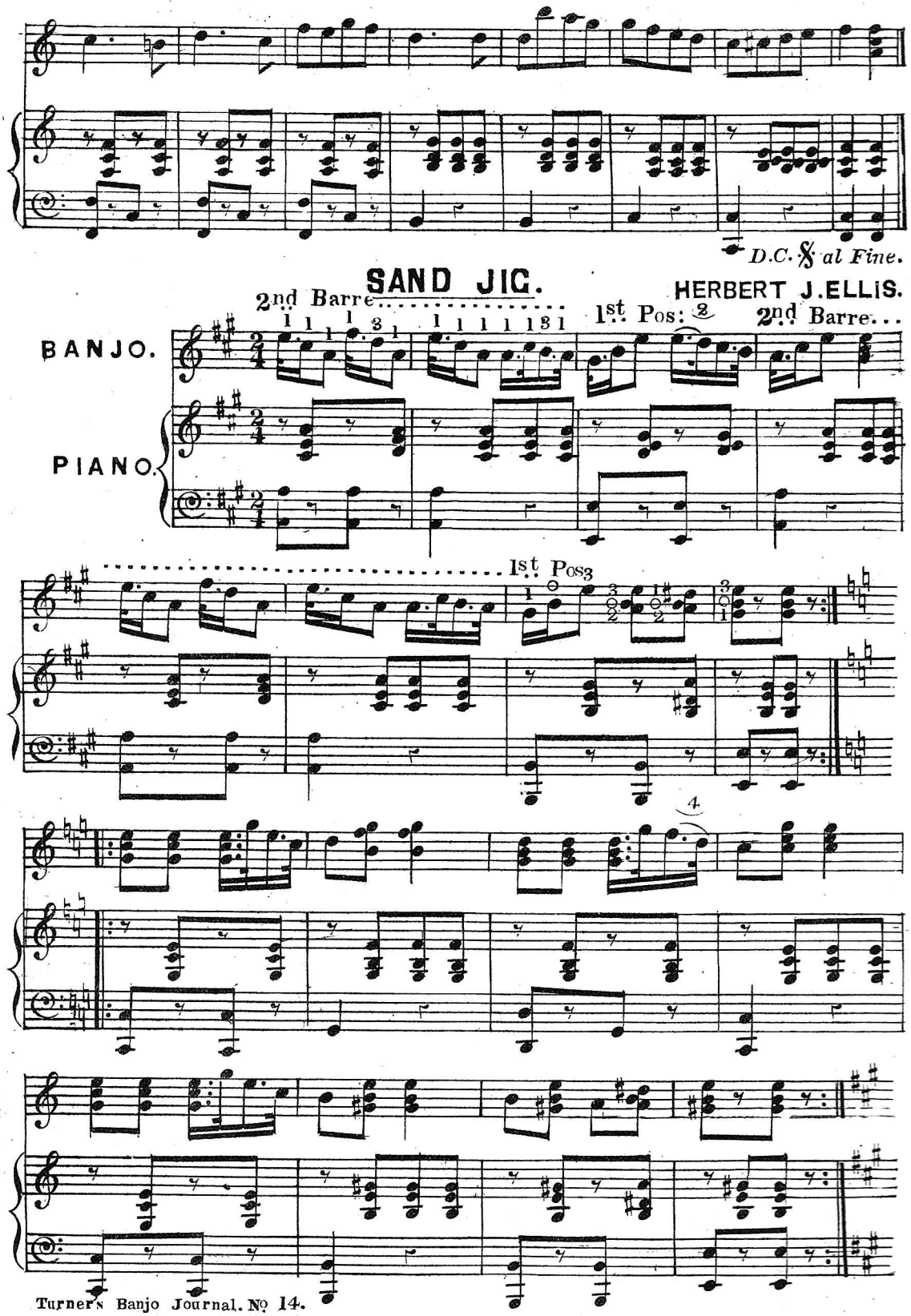
LAWN TENNIS GALOP.

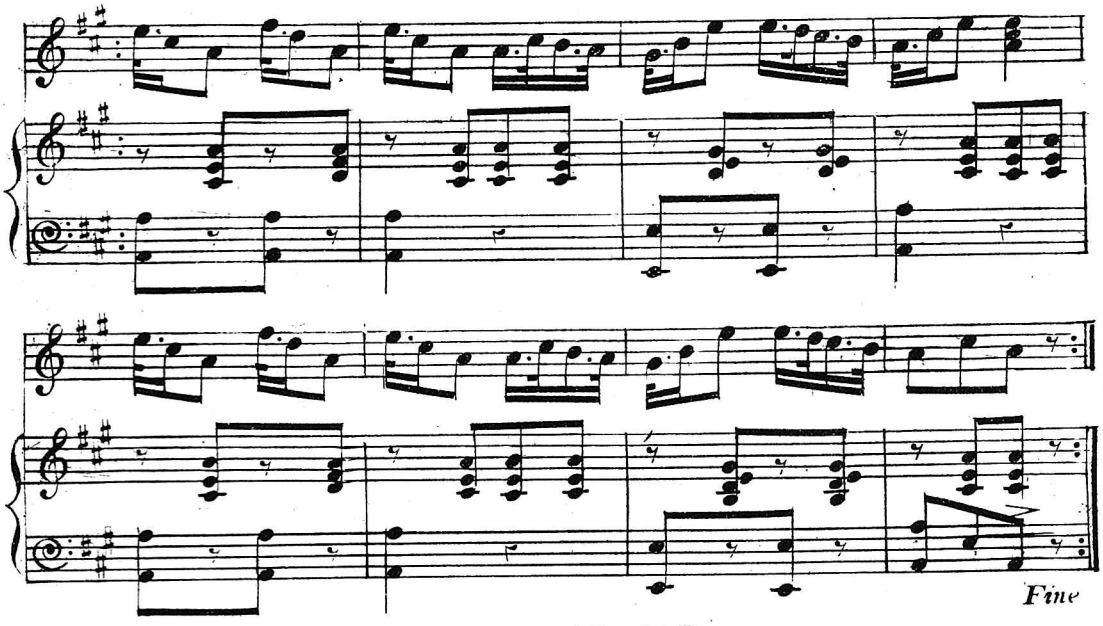
INTRO: Tempo di Galop.

FRANK J. LAUGHLIN.



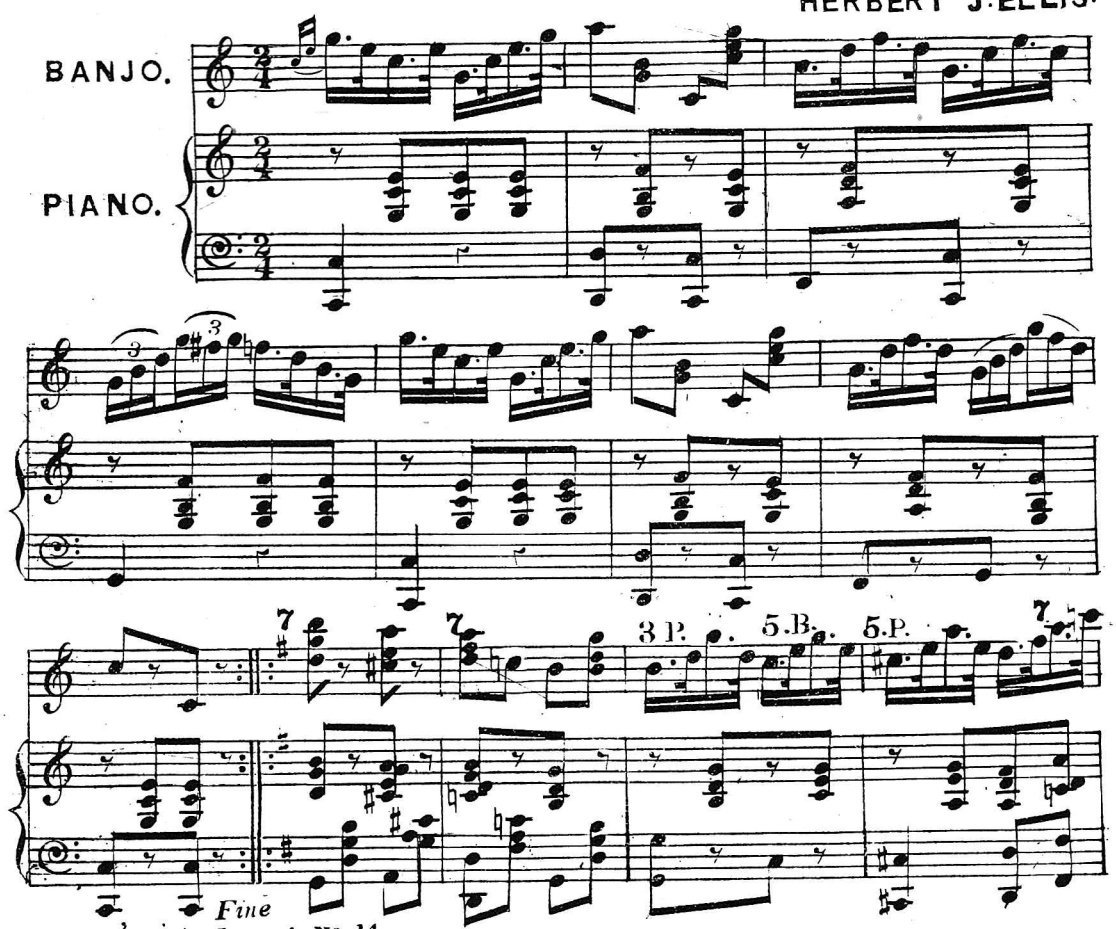

4th Pos.
5.P.B.
f
f
TRIO.
D C al ⅋

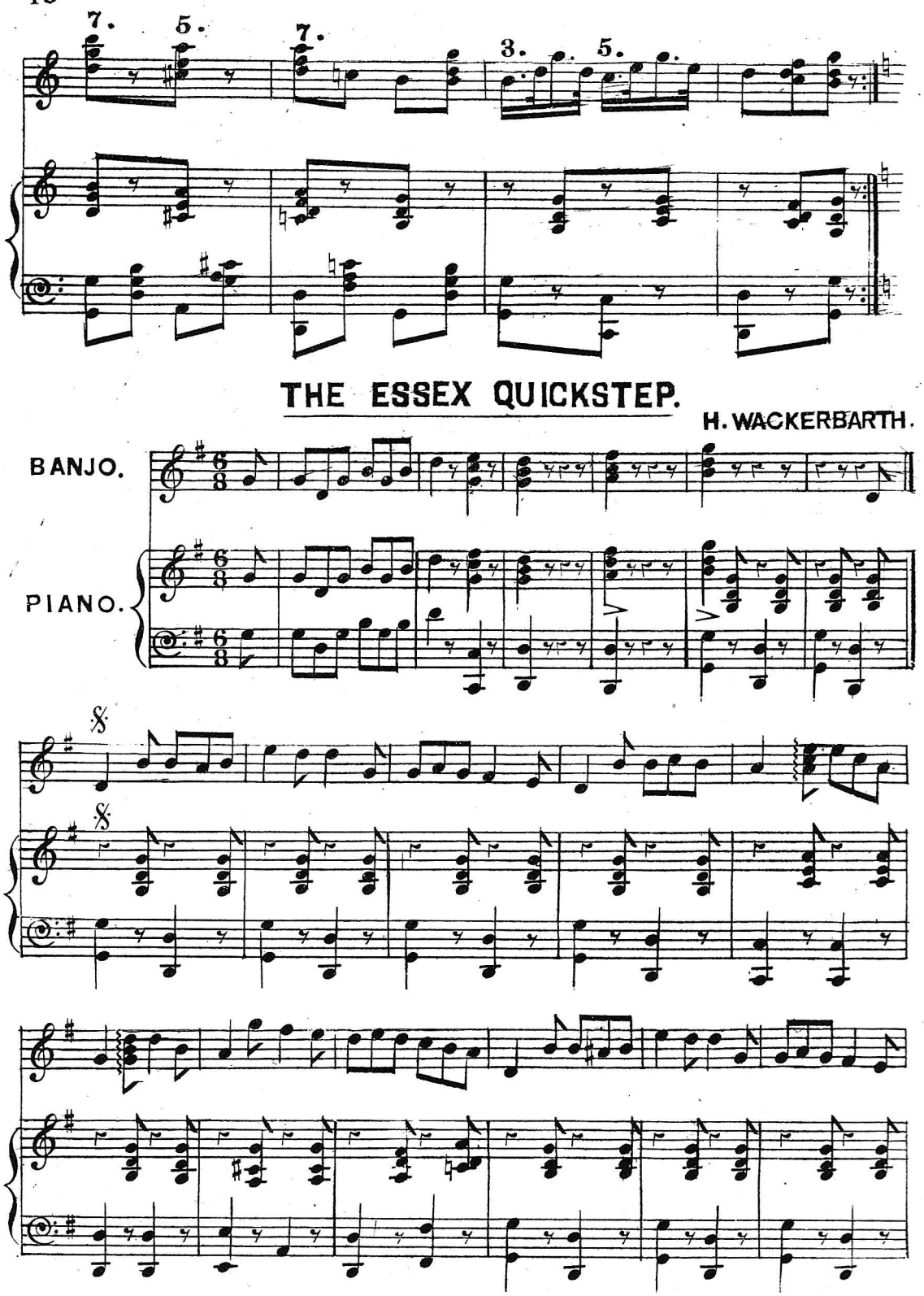

D.C. 𝄋 al Fine.
SAND JIG.
HERBERT J. ELLIS.
2nd Barre
1st Pos:
2nd Barre
BANJO.
PIANO.
1st Pos

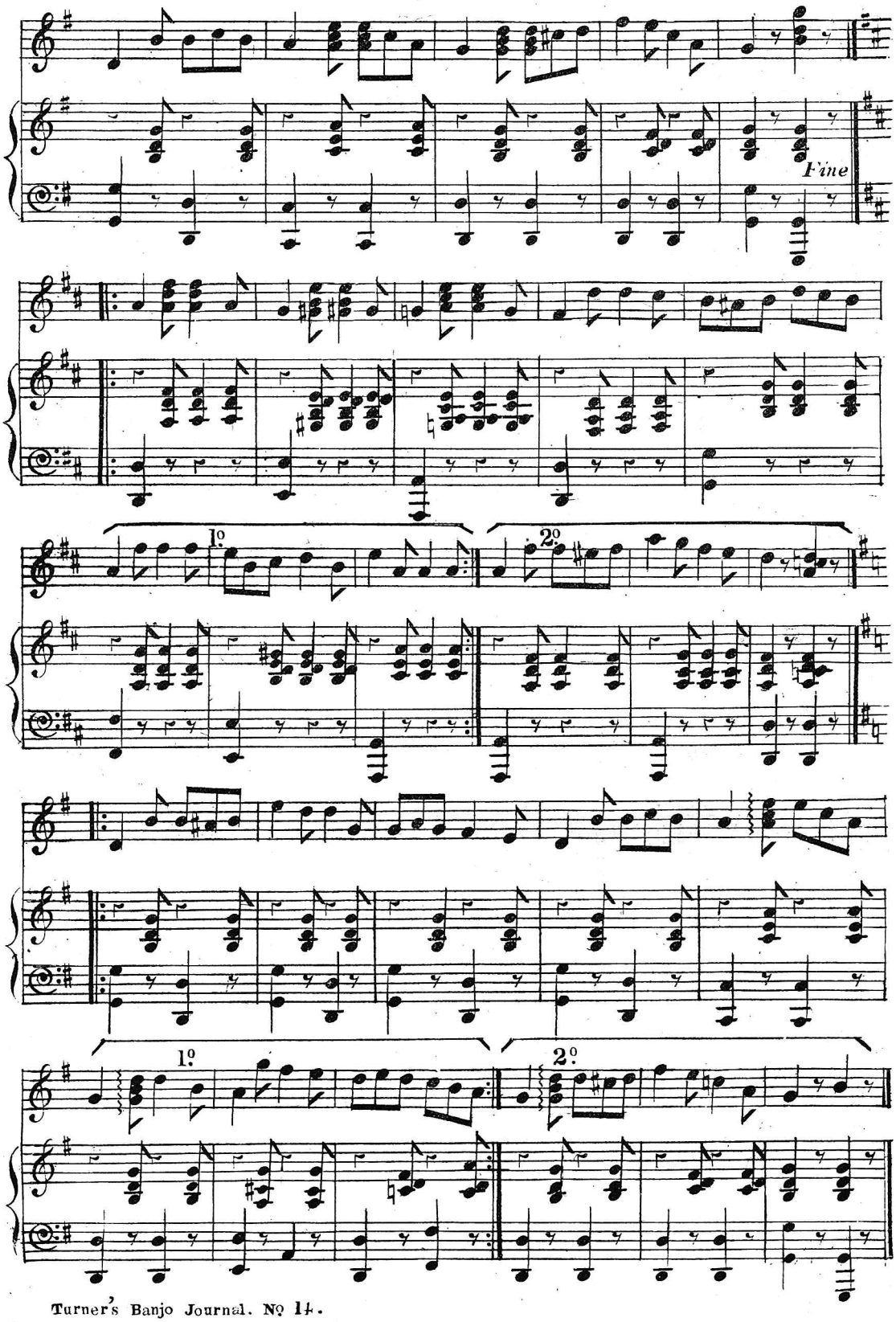


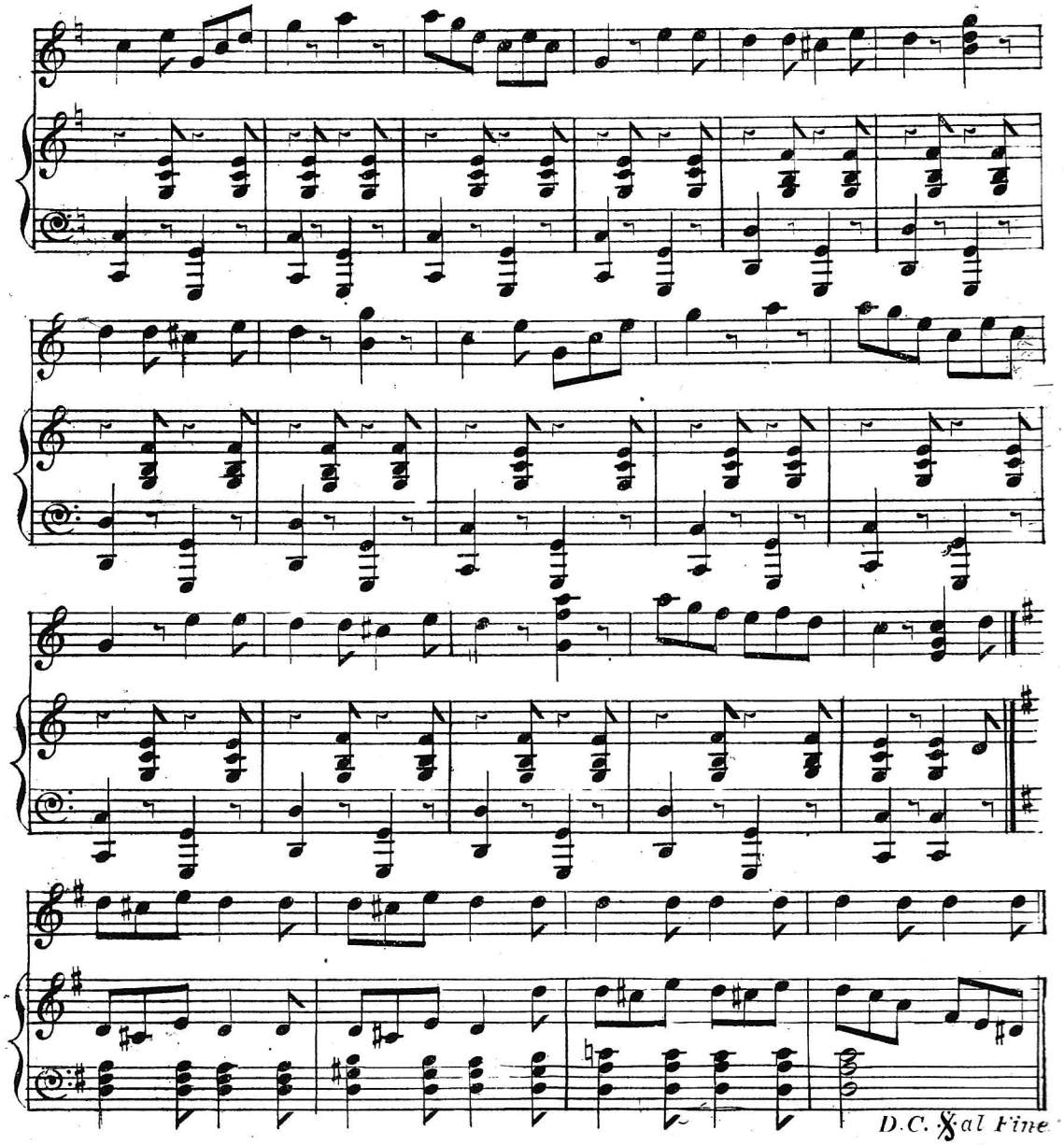
ORLEANS JIG.

HERBERT J. ELLIS.



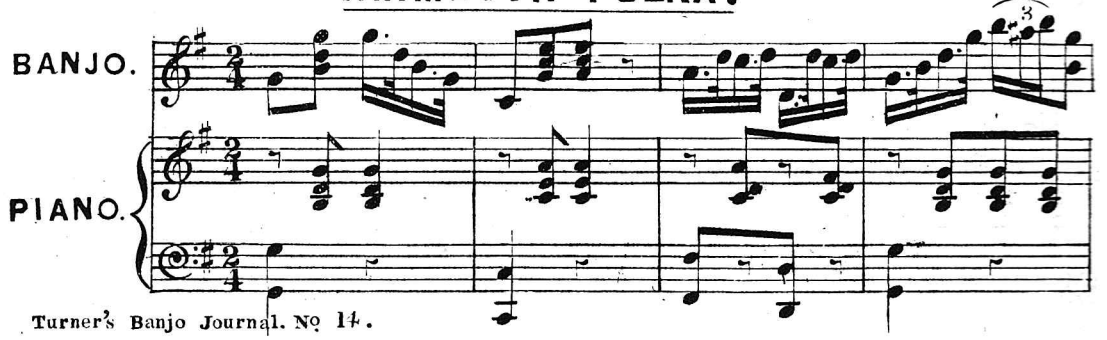

7.
5.
7.
3.
5.
THE ESSEX QUICKSTEP.
H. WACKERBARTH.
BANJO.
PIANO.

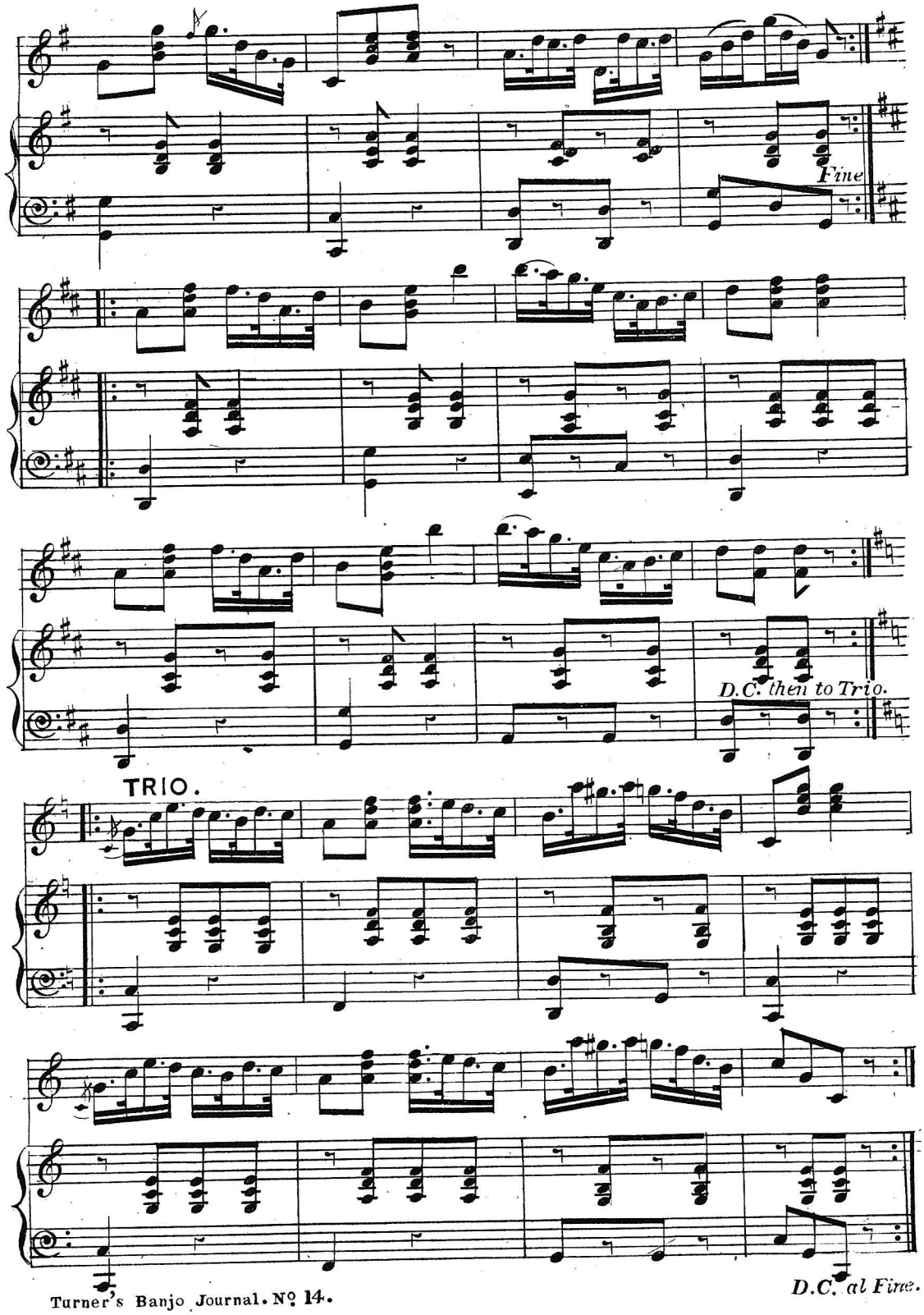

Fine
1º
2º
1º
2º



YARMOUTH POLKA.

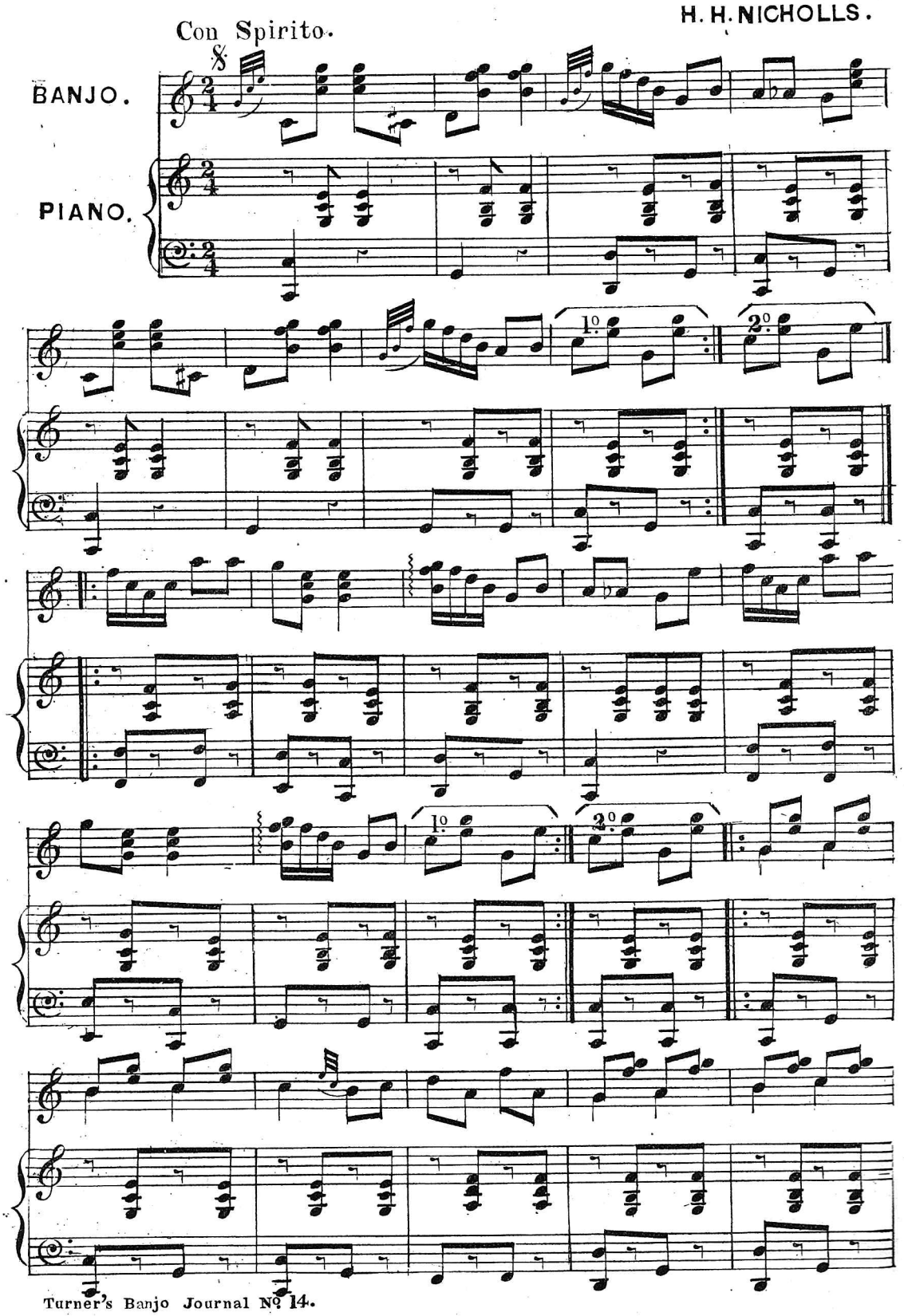
HERBERT J. ELLIS.

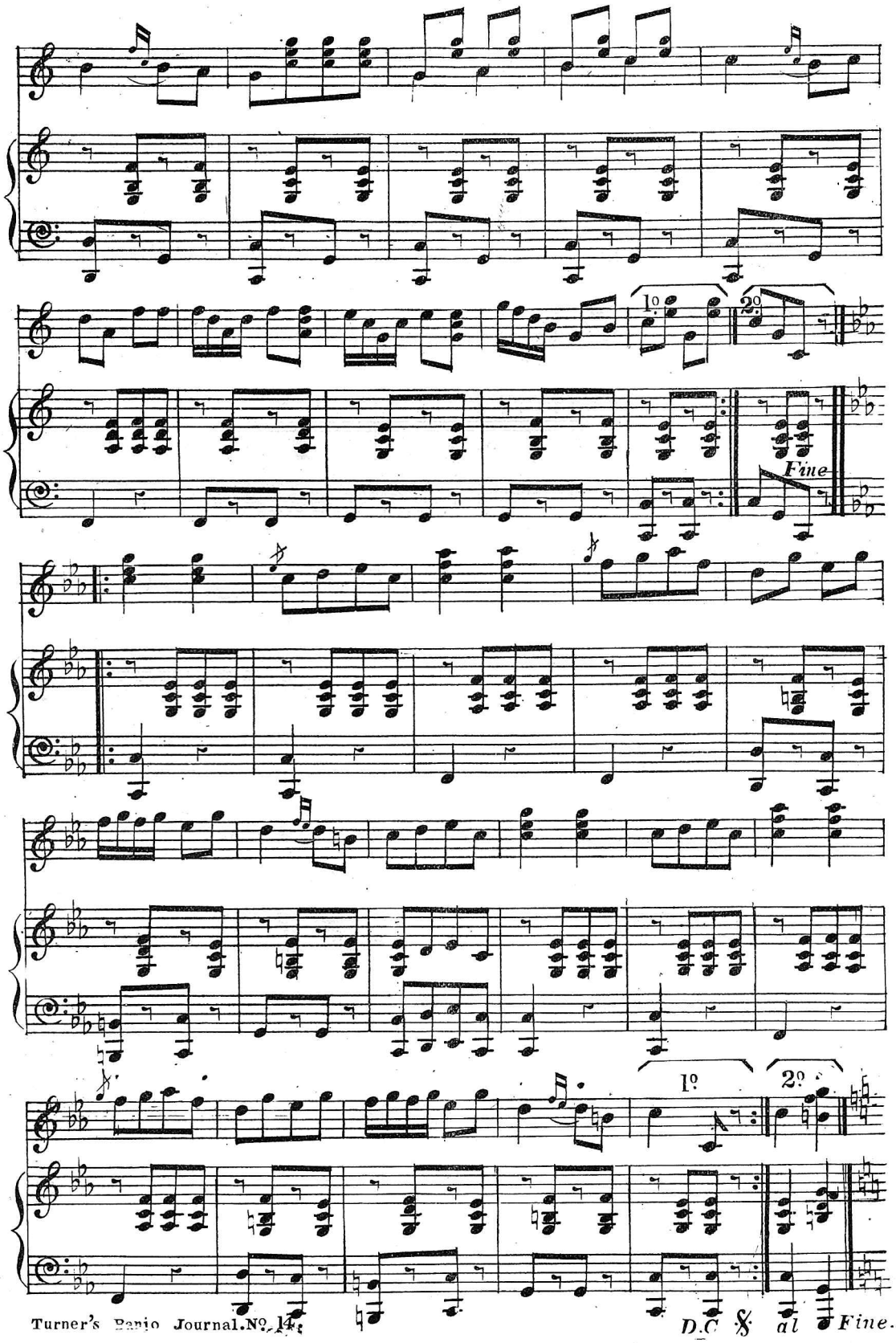



Fine
D.C. then to Trio.
TRIO.
D.C. al Fine.

FUSILADE _ POLKA-MILITAIRE.

H. H. NICHOLLS.




1º
2º
Fine
1º
2º
D.C. & al Fine.

Comic Songs, Ballads &c.

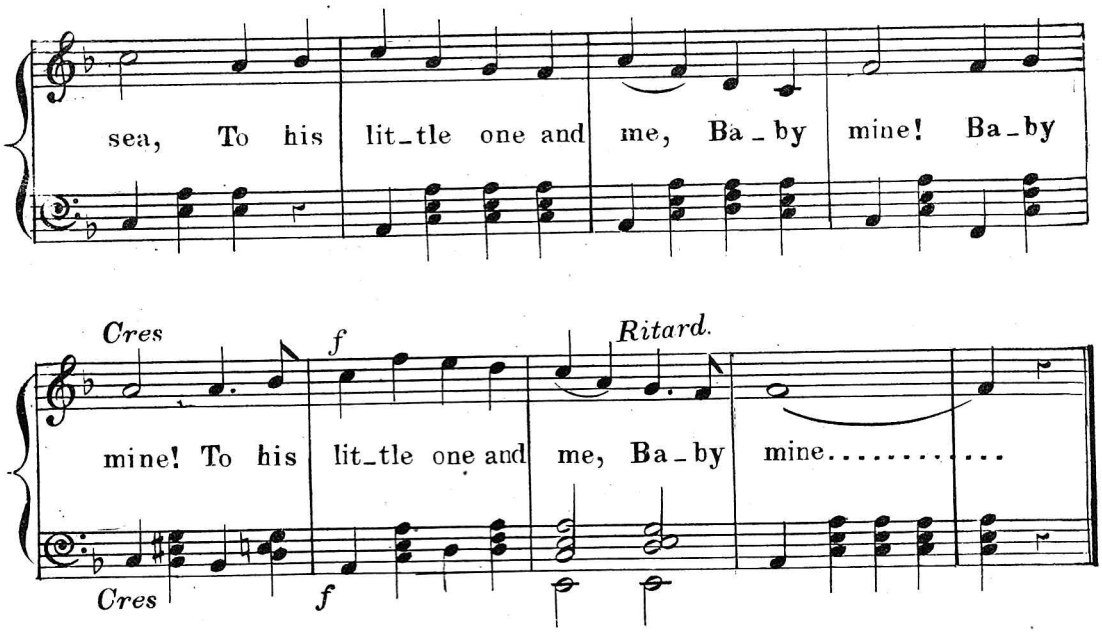
BABY MINE.

Moderato. WORDS BY J. GUEST.

VOICE.

BANJO.

I have wait-ed day by day, Ba-by mine! Ba-by mine! Since thy father's been a-way, Ba-by mine! Ba-by mine! Hop-ing soon to learn that he Was re-turning o'er the



2

I remember well the time,
Baby mine! Baby mine!
When he left his native clime,
Baby mine! Baby mine!
How he smil'd and said "Good Bye!"
While a tear bedimm'd his eye,
And we parted with a sigh
Baby mine! Baby mine!
And we parted with a sigh
Baby mine.

3

He has ventur'd his dear life
Baby mine! Baby mine!
Bravely mingling in the strife
Baby mine! Baby mine!
He has fought the glorious fight,
And my heart beats with delight,
For he's coming home to night
Baby mine Baby mine
For hes coming home to night
Baby mine.

WHEN TWO SUNDAYS COME IN A WEEK.

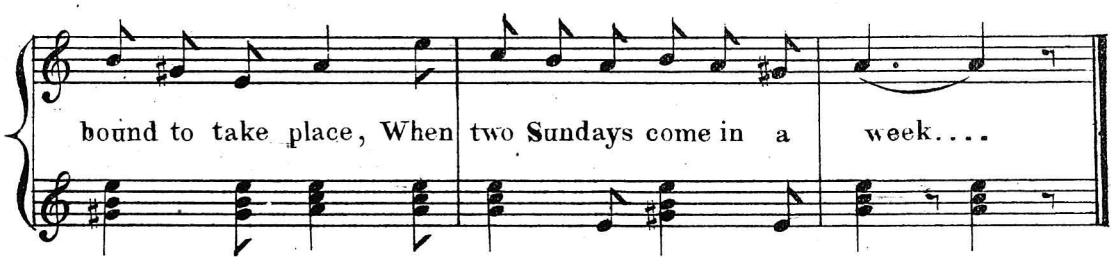
HENRI FISHER.

VOICE.

BANJO

f

I'm go_ing to sing an o_ _rig_in_al song When two Sundays come in a week, Its bound to amuse an in_ _tell_igent throng When two Sundays come in a week You wouldn't praps guess from the look of my face The course of events I am a_ble to trace And tell you some things that are



2

There'll be but one law for the rich & the poor
When two Sundays come in a week,
Our curates will be better paid I am sure
When two Sundays come in a week,
In London on Sundays the Taverns will close
And those who the traffic in liquor oppose
Will shut the Clubhouses as well I suppose
When two Sundays come in a week.

3

Policemen will always be found on their beat
When two Sundays come in a week,
They'll turn up their noses at cooks and cold meat
When two Sundays come in a week,
Red Jackets as sweethearts nurse girls will despise
Disputes between nations will never arise
For shooting the moon Landlords will give a prize
When two Sundays come in a week.

4

In the Thames we shall catch kippered herrings by shoals
When two Sundays come in a week,
To Newcastle no doubt we shall have to send coals
When two Sundays come in a week,
The grass will no longer in Ireland grow green
In parliament Lady M.p's will be seen
At Buckingham palace we may see the Queen
When two Sundays come in a week.

OUR MARRIAGE BELLS ARE RINGING.

POPULAR BALLAD.

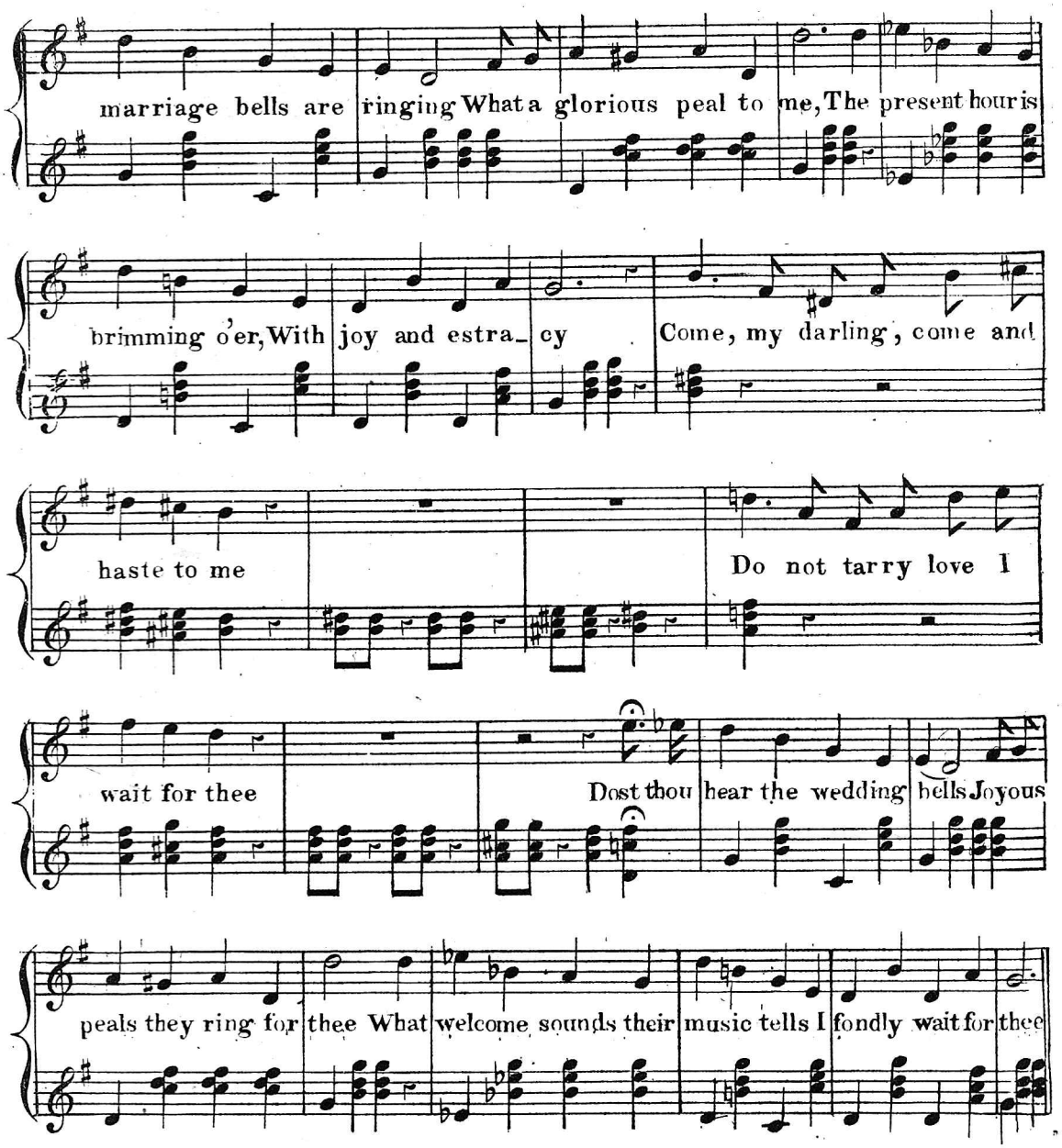
M. O. REARDON.

SYM.

VOICE.

BANJO.

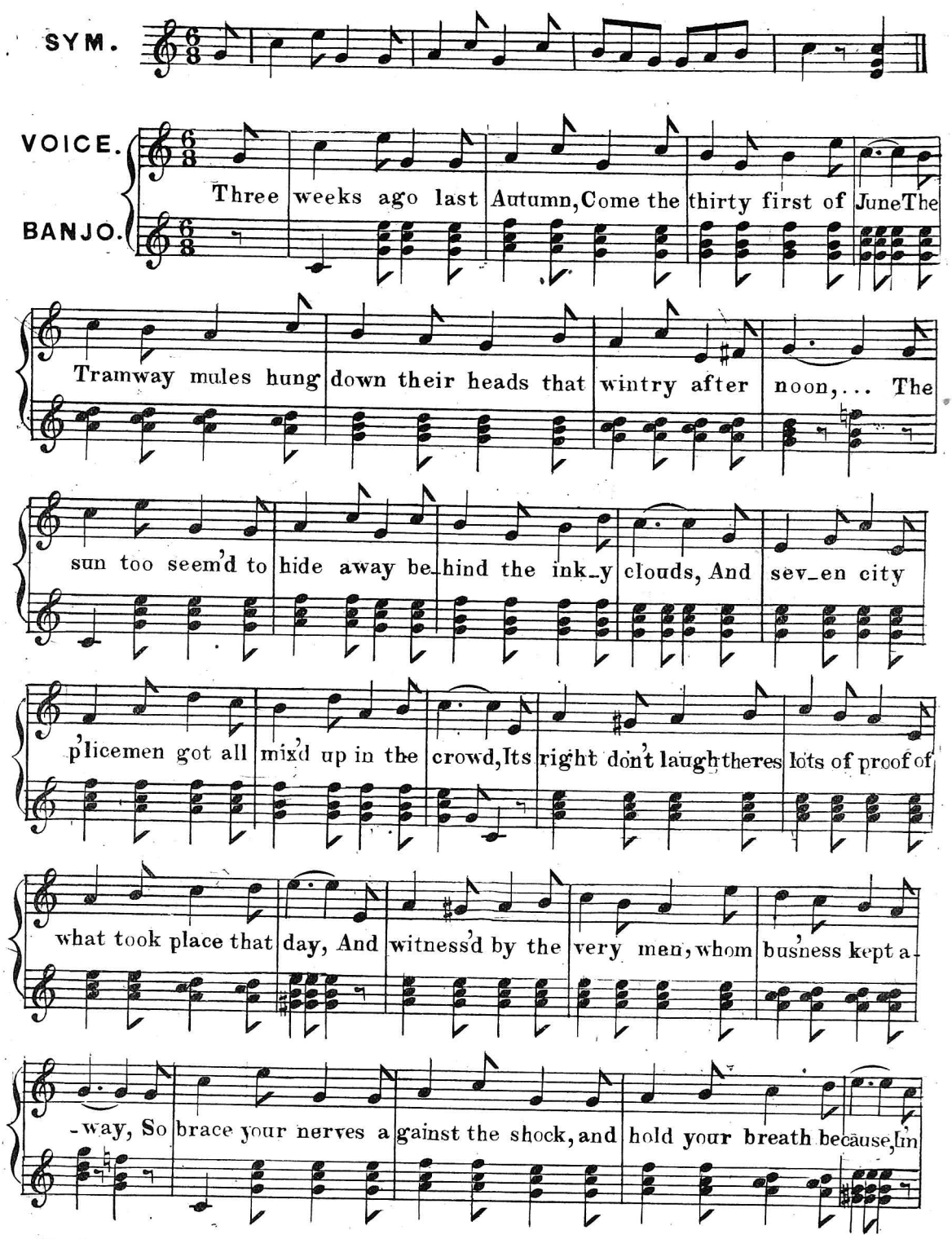
Our marriage bells are ringing. What a glorious peal to me, The present hour is bringing Sweet joy and ecs_ta_ _cy; For she whom I have lov'd so long, Lov'd dear_ly as my life, Will give me ere the hour has gone, The right to call her wife, my wife, my wife. Our



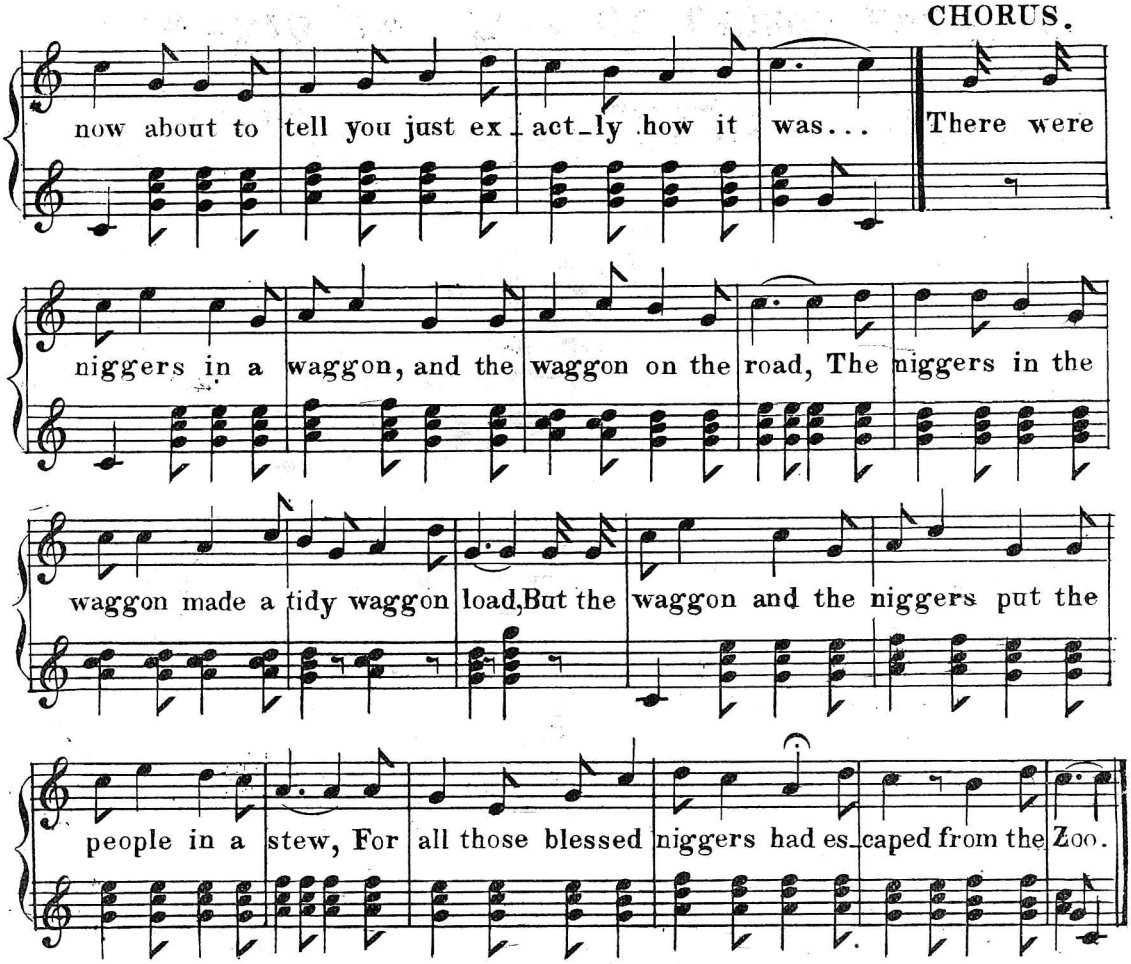
What care I for the world's frown's
With the loved one by my side.
For through its ups and downs,
We'll breast life's stormy tide,
And though the current bears us on
From all thats bright in life,
My love will ever be as strong
As when I call'd her wife.

THE WAGGON LOAD OF NIGGERS.

BOB JOHNSON.



CHORUS.



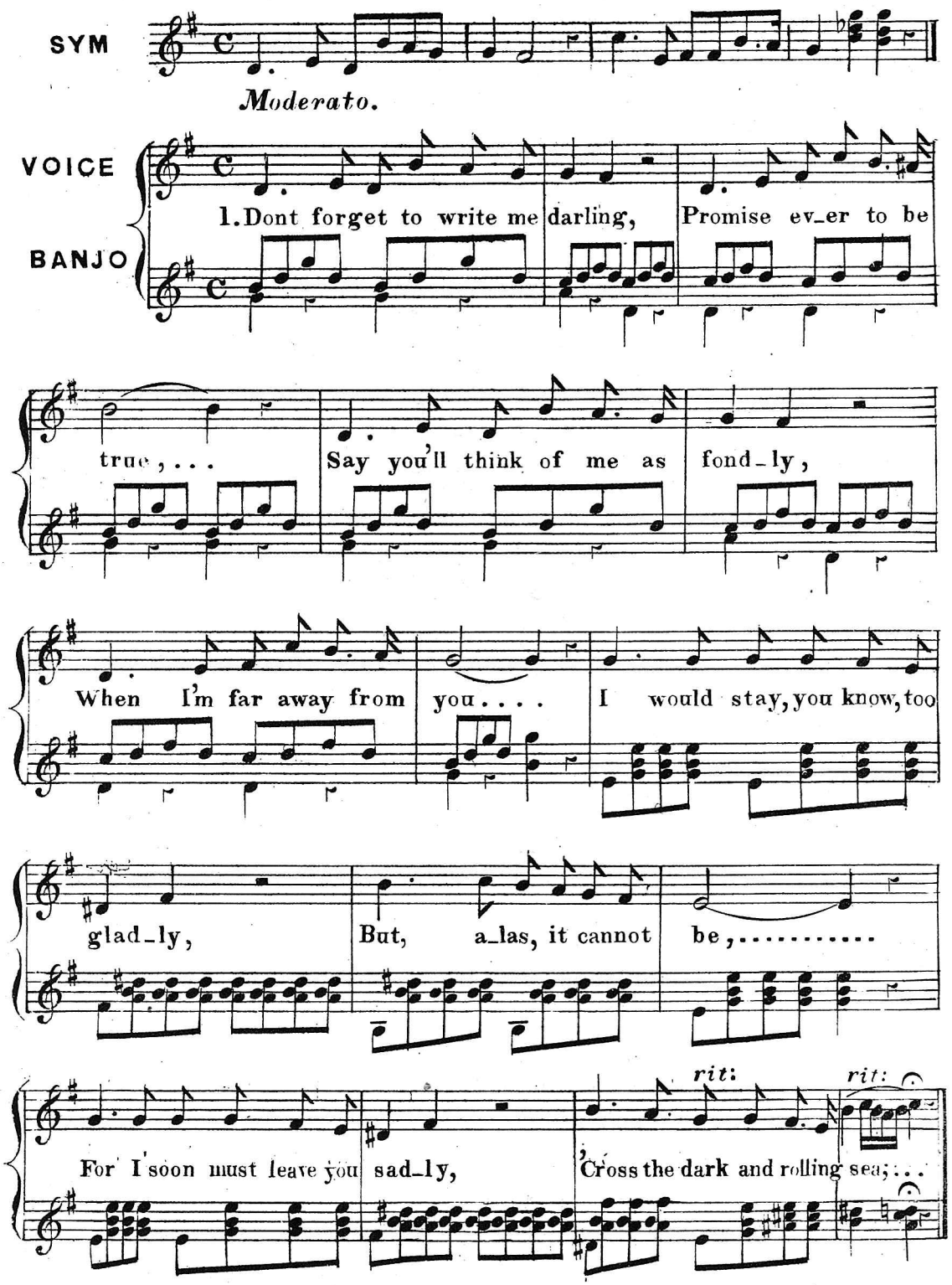
2

The people shouted fire! for they were so much afraid
And some one sent a post card for to fetch the Fire Brigade,
But when they came upon the scent they soon found out the joke,
Twas the nigger's waggon horses that was causing all the smoke,
And as they drove along dress'd up in colour'd velveteens,
They gaily play'd their Banjos, fiddles, bones, and tambourenes,
And when the p'liecemen went to prove it in a court of law,
They Telephoned to Turkey then and told them what they saw.
There was &c:

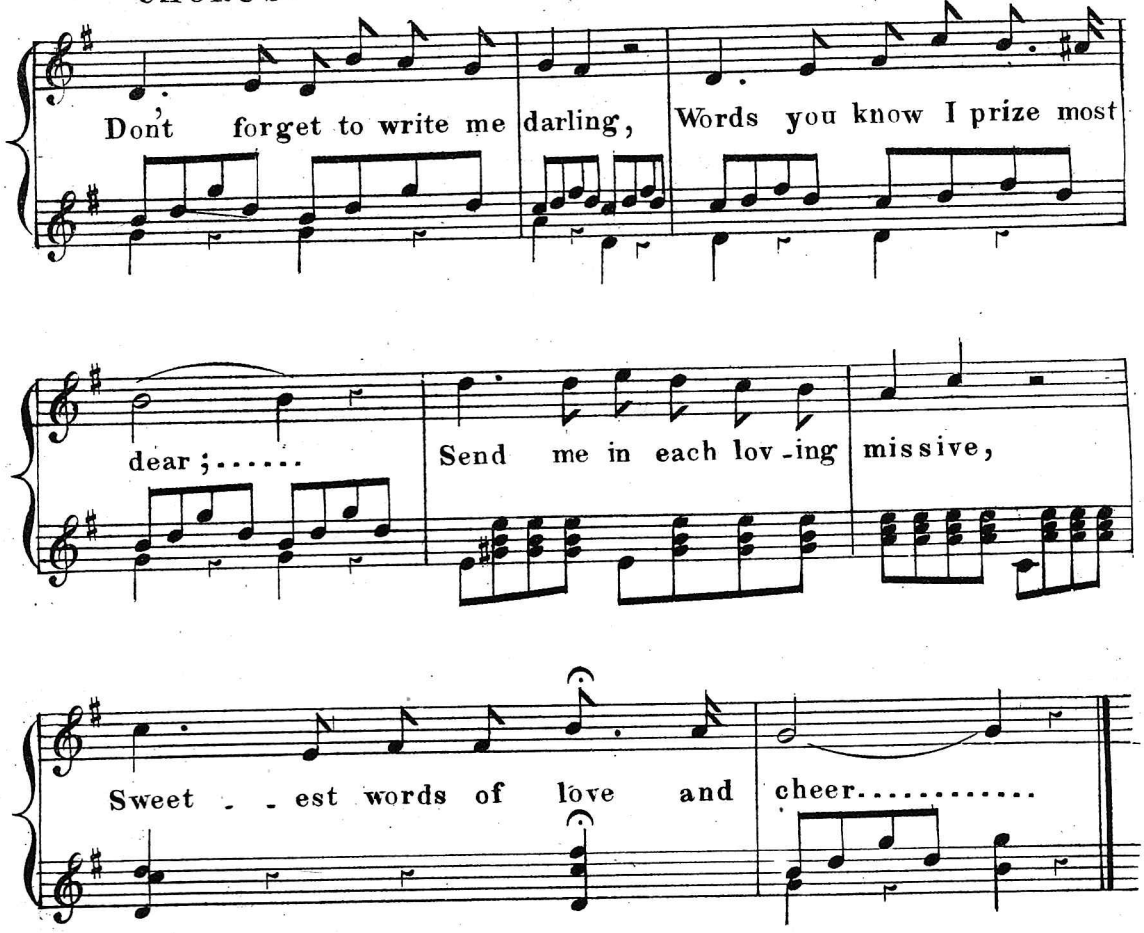
3

If you should see them Darkies in your travels don't forget,
To tell them that their keepers are looking for them yet,
They said in fact as things were slack that all they could afford,
To offer for their capture was a threepenny-bit reward,
A pieman wink'd at me and said, they're somewhere round about,
And if I'd stand a drain for him he'd try to find them out,
Oh! 'twas jolly in the waggon, but nothing like the fun,
To see that fellow 'hook it' when I told him I was One.
There was &c

DONT FORGET TO WRITE ME DARLING.



CHORUS.



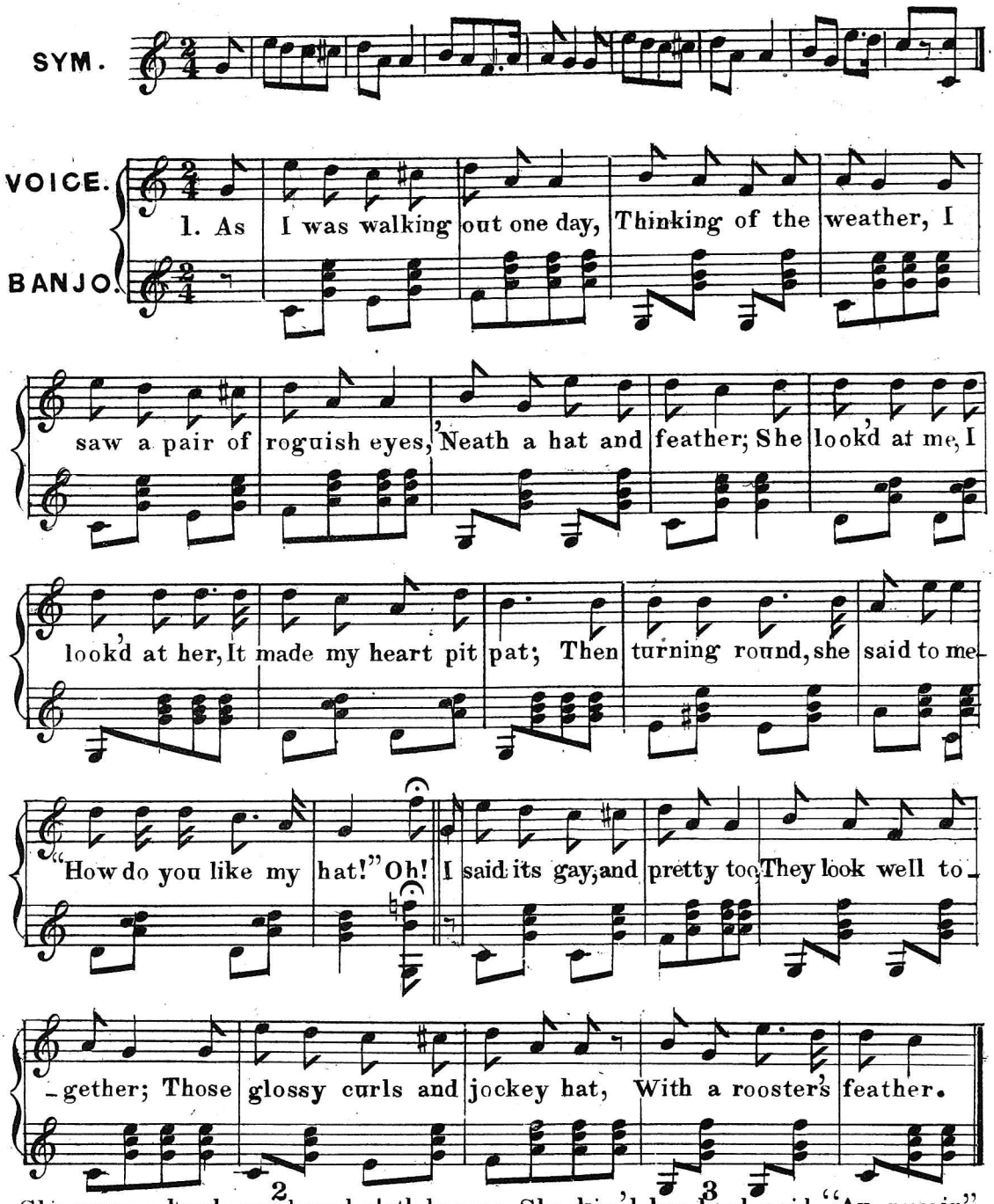
2

Don't forget to write me darling
Sorrow will my heart annoy,
As I now must leave behind me,
One in whom is all my joy.
Send me while I'm 'cross the ocean,
Words the sweetest to mine ear;
Those that tell of fond emotion,
For the one who is not near. *Chorus.*

3

Don't forget to write me darling
Write me in love's language sweet,
Let each missive still assure me,
Fondest vows I do repeat.
When my heart is sad and lonely,
Sweetest solace it will be;
Knowing I, possess you only,
That you've not forgotten me. *Chorus.*

JOCKEY HAT AND FEATHER.



2

She wore a handsome broad cloth basque,
Cut the latest fashion,
And flounces all around her dress
Made her look quite dashing;
Her high-heel'd boots as she walk'd on
The pavement went pit pat:
I'll ne'er forget the smile I saw
Beneath that jockey hat. Oh!

Chorus.

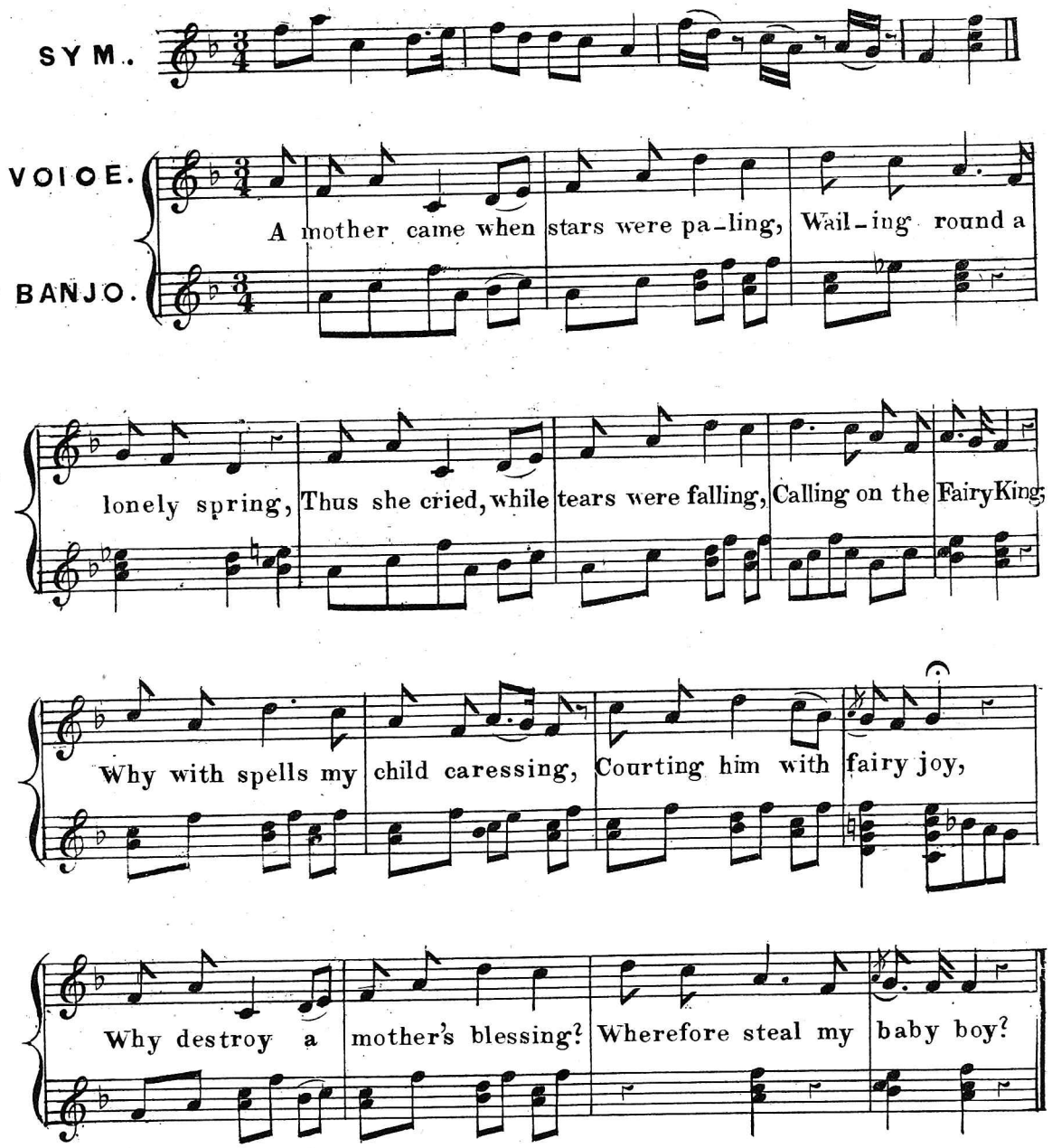
3

She kiss'd her hand said "Au revoir"
Then I was a goner,
Before I'd time to say "good night",
She was round the corner;
I tried that night but could not sleep,
So up in bed I sat,
And night before my face I thought
I saw that jockey hat. Oh!

Chorus.

THE FAIRY BOY.

SAMUEL LOVER.



O'er the mountain thro' the wildwoods,
Where his childhood lov'd to play,
When the flow'rs are freshly springing,
There I wander day by day.
There I wander growing fonder,
Of this child that made my joy,
On the echoes wildly calling,
To restore my fairy boy.

But in vain my plaintive calling
Tears are falling all in vain,
He now sports with fairy pleasure,
He's the treasure of their train!
Faretheewell! my child for ever
In this world I've lost my joy,
But in the next we ne'er shall sever,
There I'll find my angel boy,

MY NELLY'S BLUE EYES.

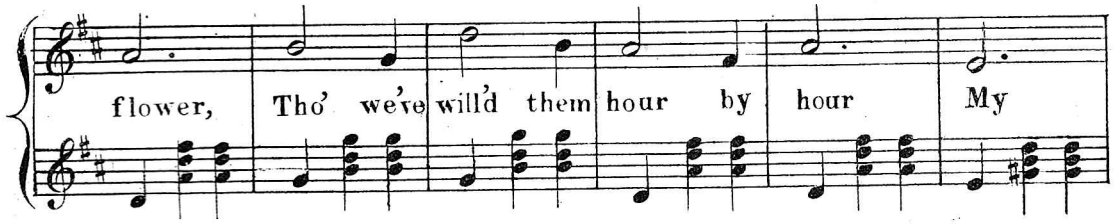
Tempo di Valse.

SYM.

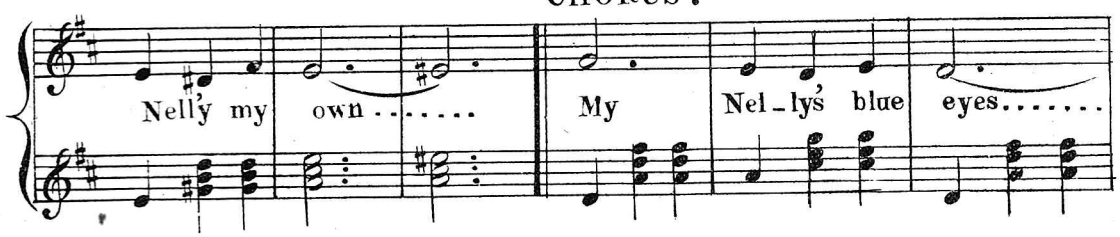
VOICE.

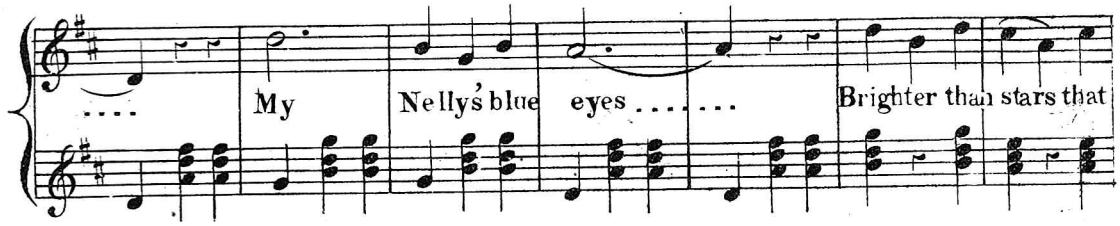
BANJO.

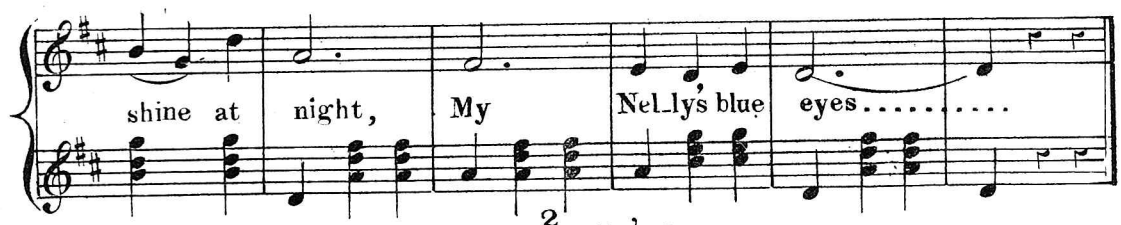
My dear Nel_ly's eyes are blue, Hair of bright and gol_den hue; Like her heart, her eyes are true, My Nelly, my own;..... Ne_ver liv'd a queen so fair, With my Nel_ly, life I'd share, By her side I knew no care, My Nel_ly, my own.....



CHORUS.







2

When I first saw Nelly's home,
Where the moonbeams softly shone,
From my heart a lovers moan,
My Nelly my own;
Fairer seem'd this world to me
Whilst the wind blew o'er the lea,
Words and kisses sweet for me
My Nelly my own.
Like a rose refreshed with dew,
My sad heart when won by you,
Angel words said "thou art true,"
My Nelly my own.

BE THOU FOREVER MINE.

Serenade.

Allegretto. MILLARD.

SYM.

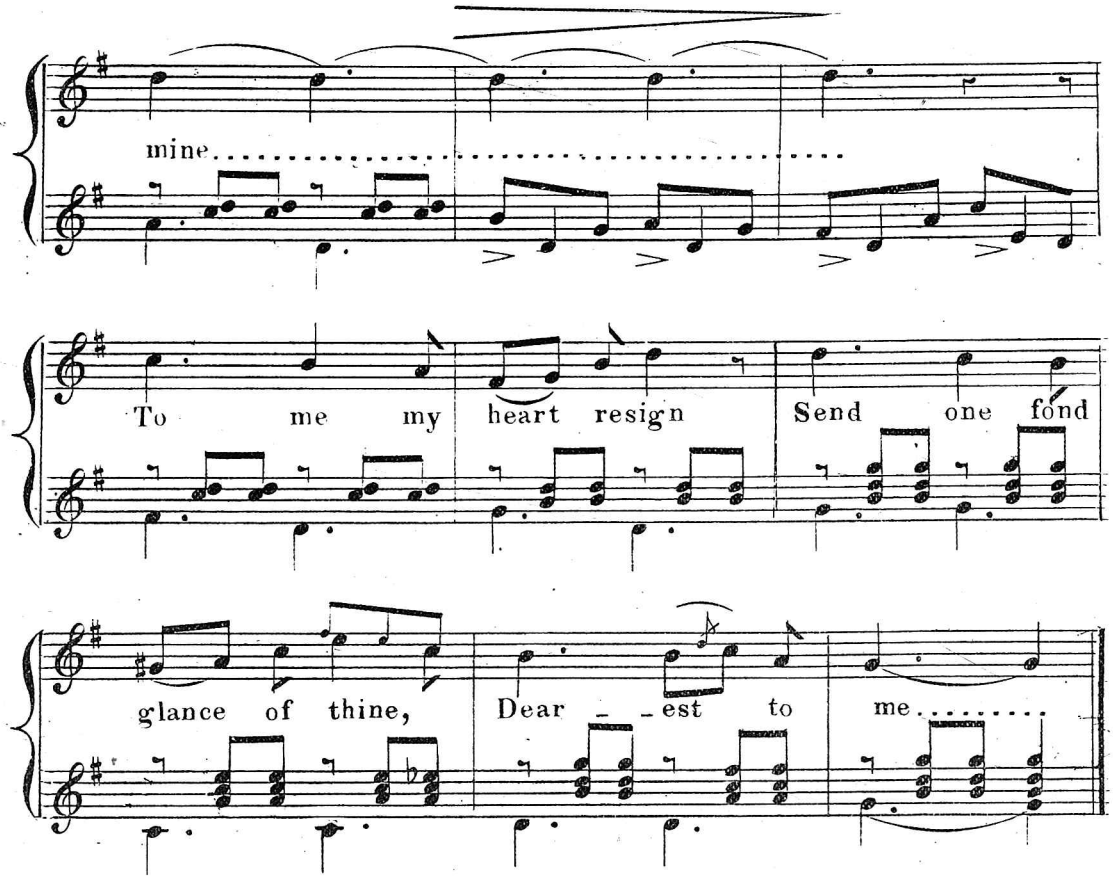
VOICE.

BANJO.

Be thou for - ev - er mine, To me thy heart resign Send one fond glance of thine, . . . Dear - - est to me..... Then will my heart be light, And all the world look bright

Cres: sempre.

If thou art mine, Love, If.....thou art



2

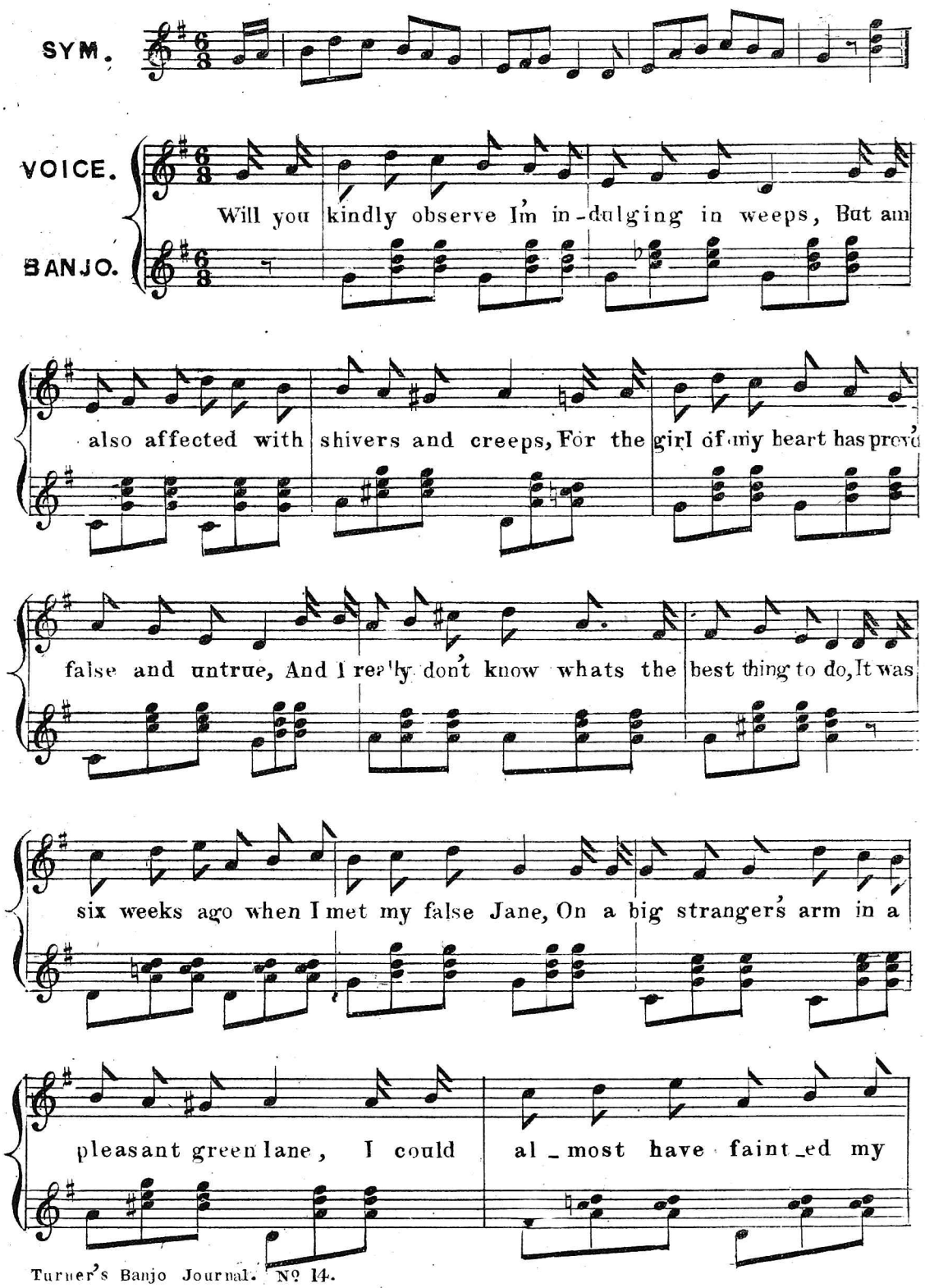
From thy lone windows height
Look forth this starlit night
Be thou my souls delight
Dearest to me
Whilst to the Heavns I sing
All my hearts wealth I bring
Say thou art mine, Love, Say thou art mine
To me thy heart resign
Send one fond glance of thine
Dearest to me.

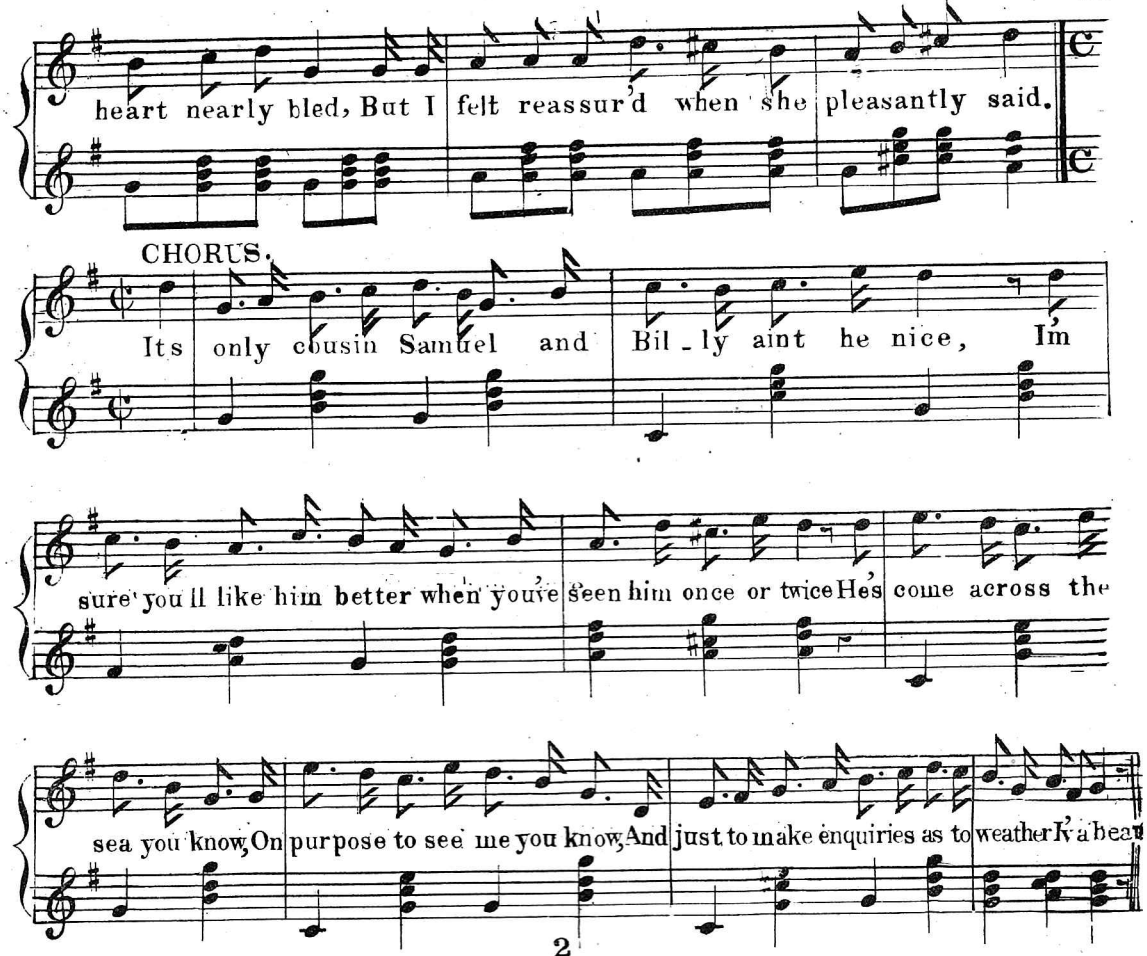
3

Be thou for ever mine
Our souls to each incline
No longer let me pine
Dearest for thee
One look will be for me
A world of ecstacy
If thou art mine, Love, if thou art mine
To me thy heart resign
Send one fond glance of thine
Dearest to me.

ITS ONLY COUSIN SAMUEL.

WORDS BY H. DOLLY. COMPOSED BY AUG. LEIGH.





2

There was nought I could do but look pleasant and smile,
'Tho I suffer'd that night from the bilious bile,
I felt jealous and savage and howled in my spite,
And yet what could I do he was too big to fight,
Twas a month from to day when I enter'd the gate
When we oft stood and chatted until it was late,
I perceived the same man from her lips snatch a kiss,
And I cried fancy, Jane what the dickens means this. *Chorus.*

3

I grew moody and sad neglected my food,
And I felt in a Macbeth, Othello, like mood,
The sharp points of my collars I gnawed in my ire;
As I sat and I gazed at the fierce kitchen fire.
When a fortnight ago I went round on the catch
And suprised at the fact found the door on the latch,
When I entered I saw quite a loving embrace,
But my false hearted Jane sang in my face. *Chorus.*

4

When I swore on the bellous his blood I would shed,
And I took a revolver all loaded with lead,
When a dagger I sharpened and hid neath my vest,
And a cudgel of oak lest I faild with the rest
Last night I went round with a murderous grin
As the door stood ajar why I strode bravely in,
Where I found me a note which I presently read,
And the words they were these the base lovers had fled,
Its only Cousin Samuel and Billy aint he nice
You did'nt seem to take to him altho you saw him thrice,
He said he would no longer wait,
So when you go please shut the gate,
For I have married Samuel and now you know your fate.

THE DEATH OF POOR COCK ROBIN.

Mournfully.

ARRD BY HERBERT J. ELLIS.

SYM.

VOICE.

BANJO.

1. Who kill'd Cock Robin? I said the Sparrow; With my bow & ar row, I kill'd Cock Robin.

2. Who saw him die; I said the Fly With my lit tle eye, I saw him die.

rit:

Chorus, at end of each verse

All the birds of the air went a sighing and a sobbing, When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin, When they heard of the death of poor Cock - - Ro - bin.

3. Who caught his blood?
I said the Fish;
In my little dish,
I caught his blood.

4. Wh'll make his shroud?
I said the Beetle;
Can bring thread and needle,
I'll make his shroud.

5. Who'll dig his grave?
I said the Owl;
With my spade and shovel,
I'll dig his grave.

6. Who will be Parson?
I said the Rook;
I have a book,
I will be Parson.

7. Who will be Clerk?
I said the Lark;
I can sing in the dark,
I will be Clerk.

8. Who'll carry him to the grave?
I said the Kite;
I can come out at night,
I'll carry him to the grave.

9. Who'll chief mourner?
I said the Dove;
For I mourn for my love,
I'll be chief mourner.

10. Who'll bear the torch?
I said the Linnet;
Can fetch it in a minuit,
I'll bear the torch.

11. Who'll come and sing?
I said the Thrush;
If, others will hush,
I'll come and sing.

12. Who'll toll the bell?
I sail the Bull;
Because I can pull,
I'll toll the bell.

List Nº 1

Thematic List of Banjo Solos.

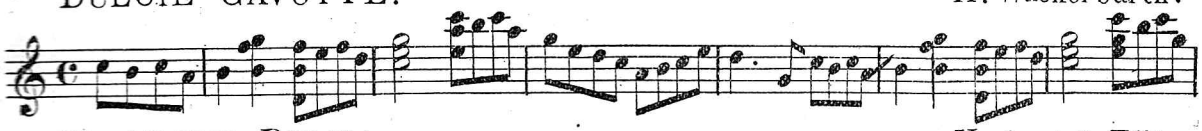
PUBLISHED BY

JOHN ALVEY TURNER.

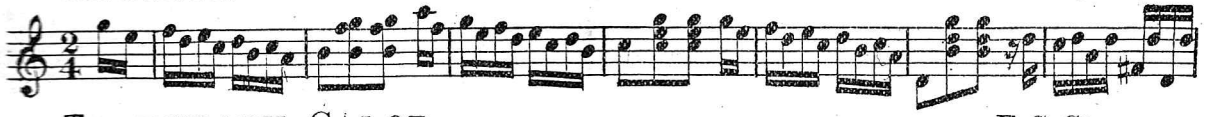
33, Bishopsgate Street, Within E.C. & 39, Oxford Street, W.

SKIPPING ROPE DANCE. Herbert J. Ellis.

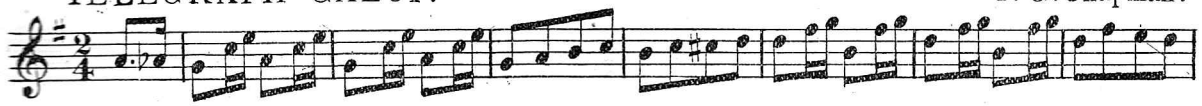
DULCIE GAVOTTE. H. Wackerbarth.



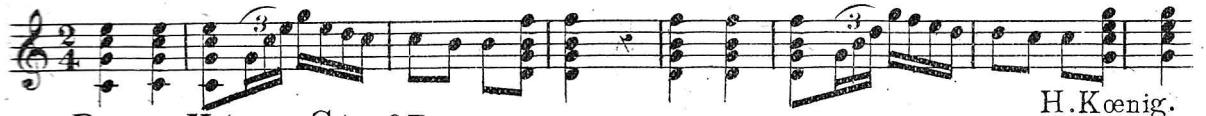
FAVORITE POLKA. Herbert J. Ellis.



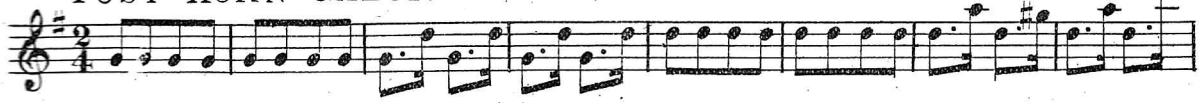
TELEGRAPH GALOP. F. G. Chapman.



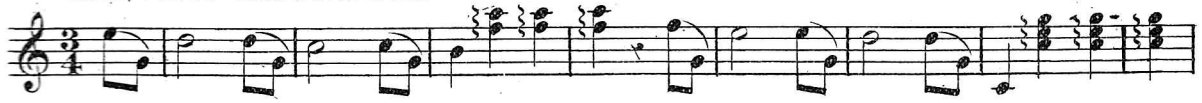
WELLINGTON MARCH. Herbert J. Ellis.



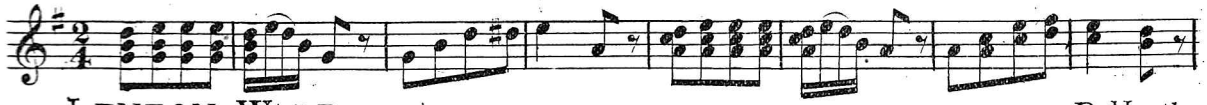
POST HORN GALOP. H. Kœnig.



SILVER MOONBEAMS VALSE. Herbert J. Ellis.



HASLEMERE POLKA-MARCH. Herbert J. Ellis.



LENTON WALTZ. R. Heath.

Each is full music size and has Accompaniments for 2nd Banjo or Pianoforte.

PRICE 2/= EACH NET.

List No 2.

Thematic List of Banjo Solos.

PUBLISHED BY

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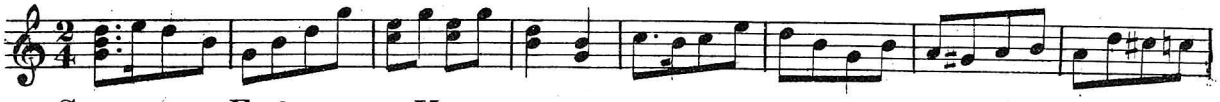
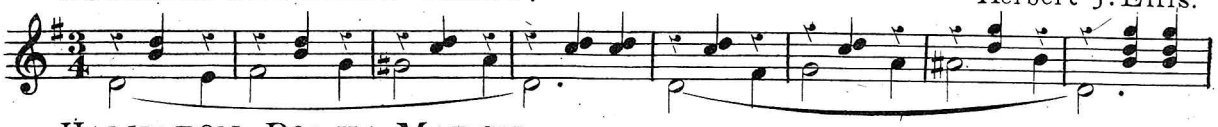
33, Bishopsgate Street, Within E.C. & **39**, Oxford Street. W.

CROMARTIE POLKA MARCH. R. Heath.

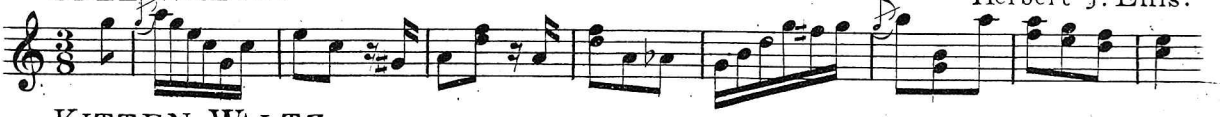


SUMMER FLOWERS VALSE. Herbert J. Ellis.

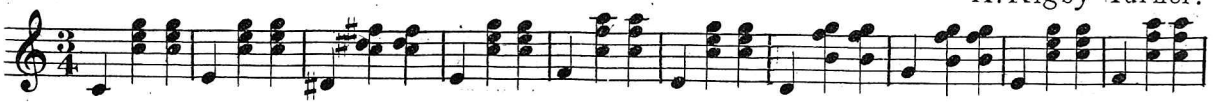


HAMILTON POLKA MARCH. Henry Austen.

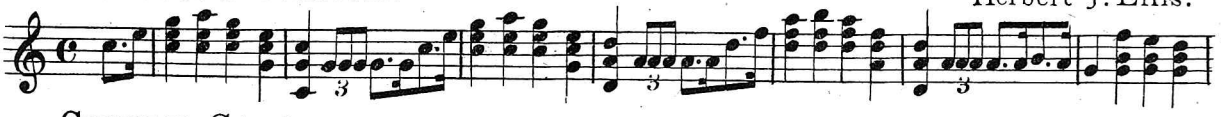
BELL WALTZ. Herbert J. Ellis.



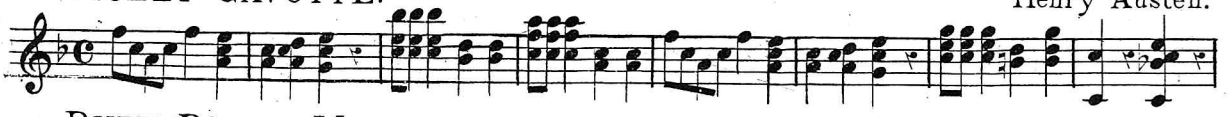
KITTEN WALTZ. A. Rigby Turner.



RICHMOND MARCH. Herbert J. Ellis.

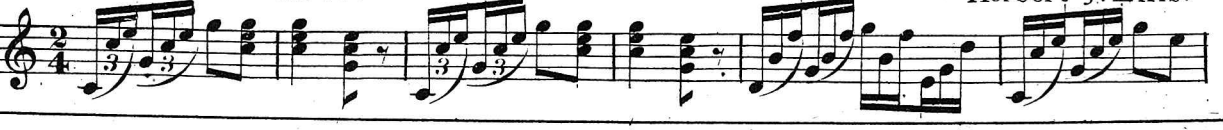


CICELY GAVOTTE. Henry Austen.



RUBY POLKA MARCH. Herbert J. Ellis.

DRAGOON GALOP. Herbert J. Ellis.



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PRICE 2/- EACH NET.

List Nº 7.

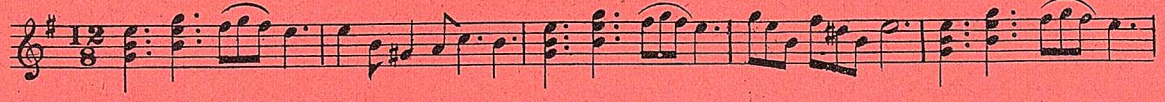
THEMATIC LIST
OF NINE FAVORITE BANJO SOLOS.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN ALVEY TURNER.

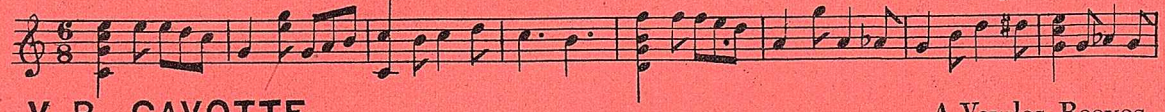
FULL MUSIC SIZE 2/- EACH NETT. WITH PIANOFORTE AND SECOND BANJO ACCOMPANIMENTS.

QUEEN OF THE BURLESQUE SCHOTTISCHE. Arthur Tilley.

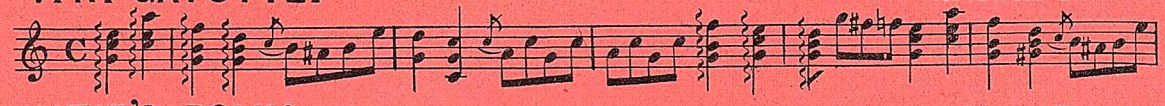
DANCE ECCENTRIQUE. Herbert J. Ellis.



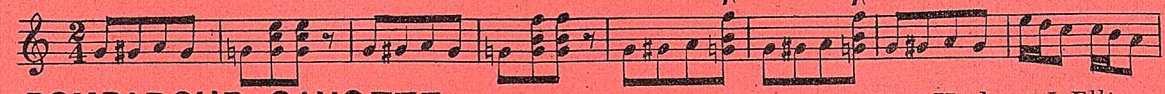
THE CARLTON BLUES MARCH. Harry H. Nicholls.



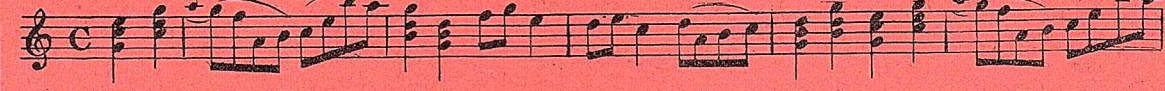
V. R. GAVOTTE. A. Vowles-Reeves.



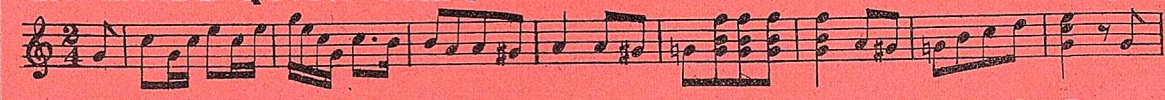
KATIE'S POLKA. Harry Turner.



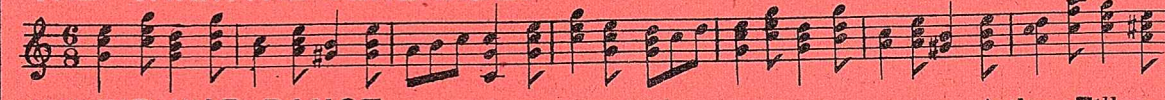
POMPADOUR GAVOTTE. Herbert J. Ellis.



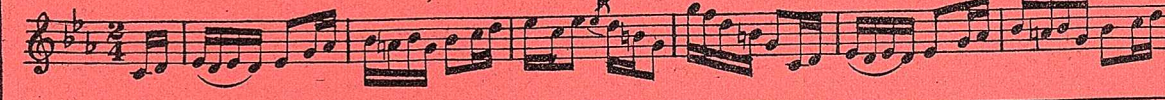
LA GARDE QUICK-STEP. G. E. Young.



THE CARNIVAL SERENADE. A. Vowles-Reeves.



KAFFIR WAR DANCE. Arthur Tilley.



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List No. 5.

Thematic List of Banjo Solos.

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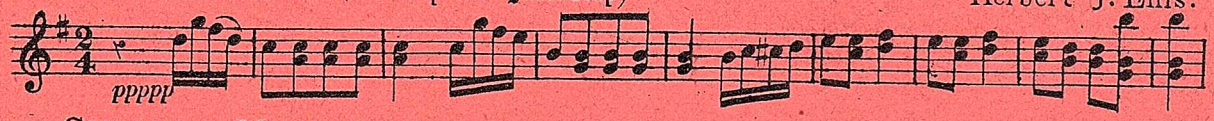
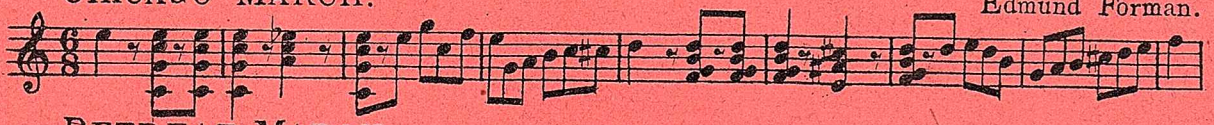
33, Bishopsgate Street, Within E.C. & 39, Oxford Street. W.

CLIFTON BANK POLKA MARCH — Harry Turner.

BAND MARCH. (Descriptive Quickstep) — Herbert J. Ellis.

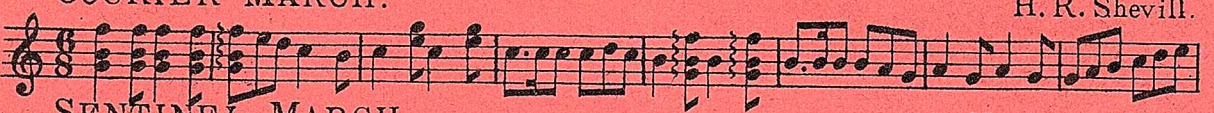


CHICAGO MARCH. — Edmund Forman.



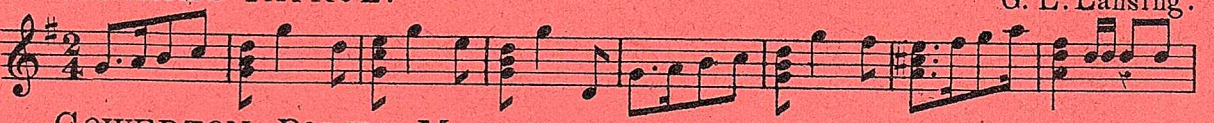
RETREAT MARCH. — Herbert J. Ellis.

COURIER MARCH. — H. R. Shevill.



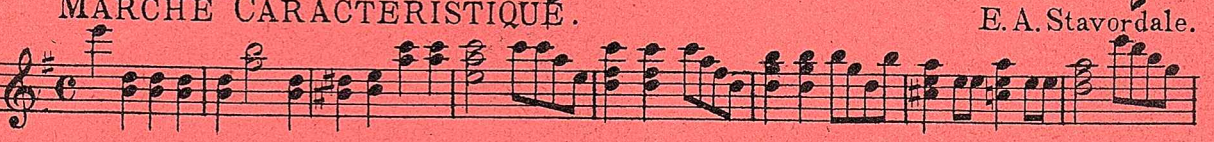
SENTINEL MARCH — Herbert J. Ellis.

DARKIES PATROL. — G. L. Lansing.



GOWERTON POLKA MARCH. — Albert Lyles.

MARCHE CARACTERISTIQUE. — E. A. Stavordale.



Each is full music size and has Accompaniments for 2nd Banjo or Pianoforte.

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